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OTWAY.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

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THE

POEMS

OF

OTWAY,

DUKE,

AND

DORSET.

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POEMS

BY

MR. THOMAS OTWAY.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

In a MONUMENT to our late Sovereign King CHARLES II. of ever bleſſed Memory.

" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
" Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
" Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudeſque manebunt.
" Si canimus ſylvas, ſylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ." VIRG.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King CHARLES II. of ever bleſſed Memory; and to the ſacred Majeſty of the moſt auguſt and mighty Prince JAMES II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following POEM is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant, THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does ſtill in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praiſe, thou glorious frame,
Which muſt be deathleſs as thy raiſer's name.

But that I wanting fame am ſure of thine
To eternize this humble ſong of mine?
At leaſt the memory of that more than man,
From whoſe vaſt mind thy glories firſt began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthleſs verſe commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.

Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a ſtiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cauſe 'twas over-bleſt,
Would never give its nurſing fathe reſt;
But, having ſpoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the ſceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding ſkill'd;
Who ſaw thoſe engines which unking'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haſte we did to ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we ſeem'd to ſtand,
Lent to our ſuccour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels thence ariſe.

Mercy 's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For gods have power to keep the balance even,
Which if kings looſe, how can they govern well?
Mercy ſhould pardon, but the ſword compel:
Compaſſion 's elſe a kingdom's greateſt harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they ſwarm;

And

And round the throne themſelves in tumults ſpread,
To heave the crown from a long-ſuffering's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philiſtian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd;
But thence the deluge of our tears did ceaſe,
The royal dove ſhew'd us ſuch marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balſam for the wounds ourſelves had made.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Then matrons bleſs'd him as he paſs'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
On his each hand his royal brothers ſhone,
Like two ſupporters of Great Britain's throne:
The firſt, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of ſtedfaſt mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reſerv'd in pleaſures, but in dangers bold,
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,
And a juſt value upon each beſtows;
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.
Now juſtly ſeated on th' imperial throne,
In which high ſphere no brighter ſtar e'er ſhone:

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruiſe that ſerpent's head,
Till all his foes their juſt confuſion meet,
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!
The ſecond, for debates in council fit,
Of ſteady judgment and deep piercing wit;
To all the nobleſt heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious ſearch had read;
Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what ſprings beſt move and guide a ſtate,
And could with eaſe direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ſter ſeiz'd,
And never ſince ſeem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people bleſs'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
Should ſo much of our old diſeaſe retain,
To make us furfeit into ſlaves again!
Slaves to thoſe tyrant lords whoſe yoke we bore,
And ſerv'd ſo baſe a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curſe, that bleſſings flow'd too faſt,
Or we had appetites too coarſe to taſte.
Fond Iſraelites, our manna to refuſe,
And Egypt's loathſome fleſh-pots murmuring chuſe.
Great Charles ſaw this, yet hush'd his riſing breaſt,
Though much the lion in his boſom preſt:
But he for ſway ſeem'd ſo by nature made,
That his own paſſions knew him, and obey'd:
Maſter of them, he ſoften'd his command,
The ſword of rule ſcarce threaten'd in his hand:

Stern

Stern majeſty upon his brow might ſit,
But ſmiles, ſtill playing round it, made it ſweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford
One leaſt perfection more, h' had been ador'd.
Merciful, juſt, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleaſure's friend, yet not her ſlave:
The paths of life by nobleſt methods trod;
Of mortal mold: but in his mind a god.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind reſolv'd:
Till wearineſs at laſt his thoughts compoſ'd;
Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
But, oh!
Through all this iſle, where it ſeems moſt deſign'd,
Nothing ſo hard as wiſh'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain,
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool ſhades and ſtreams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the ſeaſons round.
But we, a wretched race of men, thus bleſt,
Of ſo much happineſs (if known, poſſeſt)
Miſtaking every nobleſt uſe of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholſome, brawling harlot, Strife.
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head;
And, to ſupplant ſome rival, by his pride
Embroil'd that ſtate his wiſdom ought to guide.

The priests, who humble temperance should profess,
Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;
So, with small labours in the vineyard shown,
Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
That dark enigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Instead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
From false religions and corrupted laws;
Till so at last rebellion's base was laid,
And God or king no longer were obey'd.
But that good angel whose surmounting power
Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than that foresee,
Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind.
By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,
Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars;
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,

Grow

Grow all (enhancing what such friendship brings)
Like to the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair:
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find,
Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare,
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard;
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And chearful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.

But,

The prieſts, who humble temperance ſhould profe
Sought ſilken robes and fat voluptuous eaſe;
So, with ſmall labours in the vineyard ſhown,
Forſook God's harveſt to improve their own.
That dark enigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Inſtead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open lifts, and at the noiſy bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinſman, father, ſon, and brothe
Might damn their ſouls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils roſe 'gainſt Heaven's and Cæſar's
From falſe religions and corrupted laws;
Till ſo at laſt rebellion's baſe was laid,
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hile forgot, he might for eaſe repair:
it for ſweet retirement, health, and love,
in's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
leas'd could ſit, and his regards beſtow
he vain, buſy, ſwarming world below.
I, the meaneſt of thoſe humble ſwains,
ſang his praiſes through the fertile plains,
in a happy hour was thither led,
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nich prodigy foretold yet many more
range eſcapes from dreadful Fate
ſhin'd, but for one greater hero
gh now (alas!) in the ſad grave
all his praiſe for ever live, and

But, above all, within thoſe lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then ſpent his happy hour
Joy wore a ſolemn, though a ſmiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet majeſtic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt fi
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.

Within a gate of ſtrength, whoſe ancient fram
Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame,
A reverend * dome there ſtands, where twice each
Aſſembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
The cornet, flute, and ſhawme, aſſiſting as they ſ
Here Iſrael's myſtic ſtatutes they recount,
From the firſt tables of the holy mount,
To the bleſt goſpel of that glorious lord,
Whoſe precious death ſalvation has reſtor'd.
Here ſpeak, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt f
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.

Within this dome a ſhining † chapel 's rais'd,
Too noble to be well deſcrib'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I ſtood, and gaz'd with pleaſing wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much ſober grace,
Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
His left a maſſy bunch of keys did ſway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.

* St. George's Church. † St. George's Cha

This courteous ſquire, obſerving how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently ſpoke: "Thoſe banners * rais'd on high
"Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
"Which here their heroes with religion make,
"When they the enſigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me underſtand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquiſh'd, with what monſters ſtrove;
Whoſe champions ſince for virtue, truth, and love,
Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong ſuppreſt, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but ſhow;
That oft bold villainy had beſt ſucceſs,
As if its uſe were more, nor merit leſs.
But here I ſaw how it rewarded ſhin'd.
Tell on, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and Charles's mighty mind.
I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a † cell,
Where melancholy ruin ſeem'd to dwell,
The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found ſmall regard.
Like ſome old den, ſcarce viſited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey.

* Of the Knights of the Garter.

† An old iſle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried, when another ſucceeds him.

Here,

Here, in a heap of confus'd waſte, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The ſpoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:
The hero, level'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their maſter, lay,
To darkneſs, worms, and rottenneſs, a prey.
Urg'd by ſuch thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet;
Fell in his prince's and his country's cauſe;
But what his recompence? A ſhort applauſe,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, ſoon forgot, another takes his place.
And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime;
Ere his abus'd deſert be call'd his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly bleſt is he, whoſe ſoul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;
Whoſe mind no diſappointment here can ſhake,
Who a true eſtimate of life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that proſpect ſtill his thoughts does bend;
Who, though his right a ſtronger power invade,
Though fate oppreſs, and no man give him aid,
Cheer'd with th' aſſurance that he there ſhall find
Reſt from all toils, and no remorſe of mind;
Can Fortune's ſmiles deſpiſe, her frowns out-brave,
For who 's a prince or beggar in the grave?

But

But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muſe, and ſtrive that end to gain.
Thou kind diſſolver of encroaching care,
And eaſe of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my ſoul repining, while I ſing
The praiſe and honour of this glorious king;
And farther tell what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.
Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
Beauteous in ſtrength, the work of long-paſt years,
Old as his noble ſtem, who there bears ſway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.
This goodly ancient frame looks as it ſtood
The mother pile, and all the reſt her brood.
So careful watch ſeems piouſly to keep,
While underneath her wings the mighty ſleep;
And they may reſt, ſince † Norfolk there commands,
Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
But now appears the ‡ beauteous ſeat of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly eaſe;
Where noble order ſtrikes the greedy ſight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
The maſſy walls ſeem, as the womb of earth,
Shrunk when ſuch mighty quarries thence had birth;
Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd,
And in his powerful numbers ſhould be prais'd:

* The Caſtle. † The Duke of Norfolk, Conſtable of Windſor Caſtle. ‡ The Houſe

Such

Deſcribe that lofty monumental * hall,
Where England's triumphs grace the ſhining wall,
When ſhe led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
Here when the ſons of Fame their leaders meet,
And at their feaſts in pompous order ſit,
When the glad ſparkling bowl inſpires the beard,
And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
Here as a leſſon may their eyes behold
What their victorious fathers did of old;
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic ſhore
Trembled to hear the Engliſh lion roar.
Here may they ſee how good old † Edward ſat,
And did his ‡ glorious ſon's arrival wait,
When from the fields of vanquiſh'd France he came,
Follow'd by ſpoils, and uſher'd in by Fame.
In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
Oh, for ſuch laurels on another head!
Unſoil'd with ſloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace,
We had not then learn'd the looſe arts of eaſe.
In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
And with no foreign educations curs'd.
Their northern metal was preſerv'd with care,
Nor ſent for ſoftening into hotter air.
Nor did they 'as now from fruitleſs travels come
With follies, vices, and diſeaſes home;
But in full purity of health and mind
Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.

* Where St. George's Feaſt is kept.
† Edw. III. ‡ The Black Prince.

Had not falſe ſenates to thoſe ills diſpos'd
Which long had England's happineſs oppos'd
With ſtubborn faction and rebellious pride,
All means to ſuch a noble end deny'd,
To Britain, Charles this glory had reſtor'd,
And thoſe revolted nations own'd their lord.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
And now ſurvey what 's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,
The * temple by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whoſe radiant roof ſuch glory does diſplay,
We think we ſee the heaven to which we pray;
So well the artiſt's hand has there delin'd
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright aſcenſion of the Son of God,
When back through yielding ſkies to heaven he rode,
With lightning round his head, and thunder where he trod.
Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wiſdom, the greateſt gift of bounteous heaven;
A houſe like his he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
Nor, whilſt he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Iſrael's lord was ſaid,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court ſurvey'd,

* The Chapel at the end of the hall.

To Charles's fame for ever ſhall remain,
Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly reign.
" Happy were they who could before him ſtand,
" And ſaw the wiſdom of his dread command;"
For heaven reſolv'd, that much above the reſt
Of other nations Britain ſhould be bleſt.
Found him when baniſh'd from his ſacred right,
Try'd his great ſoul, and in it took delight;
Then to his throne in triumph did him bring,
Where never rul'd a wiſer, juſter king.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muſe,
Now let her lead, nor will he ſure refuſe.
Two kindred arts they are, ſo near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been ſupply'd.
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts incline
The works of Fame, let this be the deſign:
As thou couldſt beſt great Charles's glory ſhow,
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.
In a large ſcene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous ſenate draw!
Over their heads a black diſtemper'd ſky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly,
Charg'd with commiſſions of infernal date,
To raiſe fell diſcord and inteſtine hate;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliеſt ſnakes, and beſt-lov'd favourites there,

Then

Then whirl them (ſpouting venom as they fall)
'Mongſt the aſſembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring boſoms let them go,
Till their infection to confuſion grow;
Till ſuch bold tumults and diſorders riſe,
As when the impious ſons of earth aſſail'd the threaten'd ſkies.

But then let mighty Charles at diſtance ſtand,
His crown upon his head, and ſceptre in his hand;
To ſend abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and daſh th' aſpiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
Let them grow blind, diſperſe, and reel away.
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forſake,
And all new peaceful order ſeem to take.

'But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with thoſe furies from her ſeat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
When cruel cares, by faithleſs ſubjects bred,
Too cloſely preſs'd his ſacred peaceful head;
With them t' have pointed her deſtroying dart,
And through the brain found paſſage to the heart
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven beſtow
On thoſe curs'd heads to whom this loſs we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And ſent him to the ſorrows of the grave!

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The ſaddeſt ſcenes that weeping eyes e'er ſaw;

Deſcribe her proſtrate to the throne above,
Pleading with prayer the tender cauſe of love:
Shew troops of angels hovering from the ſky
(For they, whene'er ſhe call'd, were always nigh);
Let them attend her cries and hear her moan,
With looks of beauteous ſadneſs like her own,
Becauſe they know her lord's great doom is ſeal'd,
And cannot (though ſhe aſks it) be repeal'd.
By this time think the work of Fate is done,
So any farther ſad deſcription ſhun.
Shew him not pale and breathleſs on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyſelf to ſuch a ſcene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own ſtatue grow.
Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a proſpect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eaſtern ſky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time diſplay;
The forms of many ſmiling years to come,
Juſt ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb
Each ſtruggling which ſhall elderſhip obtain,
To be firſt grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there.
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph ſprea
And ſoft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint ſmiling, yet majeſtic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the earth
Deſcribe applauding nations coming forth,

Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auſpicious omens from his reign.
Set at long diſtance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppoſe;
Draw ſhame or mean deſpair in all their eyes,
And terror leſt th' avenging hand ſhould riſe.
But where his ſmiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's chearful toils, the rich man's eaſe;
Here, ſhepherds piping to their feeding ſheep,
Or ſtretch'd at length in their warm huts aſleep;
There jolly hinds ſpread through the ſultry fields,
Reaping ſuch harveſts as their tillage yields;
Or ſhelter'd from the ſcorchings of the ſun,
Their labours ended, and repaſt begun;
Rang'd on green banks, which they themſelves did raiſe,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praiſe.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where Contemplation beſt may paſs her hours:
Fill'd with chaſte lovers plighting conſtant hearts,
Rejoicing Muſes, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Beſt ſuiting with thy theme, great James's fame.
Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whoſe conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cauſe he fought;
When for their rights he his brave ſword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights deſtroy'd:
But heaven ſuch injur'd merit did regard
(As heaven in time true virtue will reward);

So to a throne by Providence he roſe,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no will
And now I have no power.

II.

To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my eaſe;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breaſt,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE; OR, A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

" Si quid habent veri vatum præſagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of OSSORY, Baron of Moor Park, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuſe for a preſumption of this nature than I have now; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordſhip's goodneſs muſt be my beſt refuge: and therefore I humbly caſt this at your feet for protection, and myſelf for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the beſt of my heart I have here publiſhed in ſome meaſure the truth, and I would have it thought honeſtly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now): yet truth and honour are things which your lordſhip muſt needs be kind to, becauſe they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould

Are gallantry and wit,
Becauſe to their lewd underſtandings fit)
Were thoſe wherewith two years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome follies moſt incorrigibly bent;
Till at the laſt, myſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muſe.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd ſuch charms,
T' enſnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
Or, when ſhe had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her front ſat a majeſtic air,
Awful, yet kind; ſevere, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown ſhe bore
Of laurel, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine:
And round her ivory neck ſhe wore
A rope of largeſt pearl. Each part of her did ſhine
With jewels and with gold,
Numberleſs to be told;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said ſhe, Theſe riches all, my darling, ſhall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.
She promis'd me to raiſe my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endleſs fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.

Thus

Thus by the arts of this moſt fly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal conſtancy we ſwore,
A thouſand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleaſure e'er was wrought ſo high,
No pair ſo happy as my Muſe and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half ſo fond
When firſt his paſſillage he loſt,
Or could of half my pleaſure boaſt.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still tranſported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, cloſets, fields, and groves,
Bore witneſs of our daily loves;
And on the bark of every tree
You might the marks of our endearments ſee.
Diſtichs, poſies, and the pointed bits
Of ſatire (written when a poet meets
His Muſe's caterwauling fits)
You might on every rhind behold, and ſwear
I and my Clio had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muſe too I was bleſt
With offſprings of the choiceſt kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the nobleſt minds,
And been approv'd by judgments of the beſt.
But in this moſt tranſporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laught at fate,

All

Are gallantry and wit,
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But never told
How hard they were to get, how

All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myſelf alone;
My faithleſs Muſe, my faihleſs Muſe, was gone:
I try'd if I a verſe could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.
The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curſt my dull ſkull, and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the laſt prevail'd.
A line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No travailing matron in her child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a ſon,
Was more aſtoniſh'd at th' unlook'd-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous iſſue of my brains.
I tore my paper, ſtabb'd my pen,
And ſwore I 'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I 'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did myſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt ſhore,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reaſon, which in baſe bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtraight to council call'd;
Like ſome old faithful friend, whom long ago
I had caſhier'd, to pleaſe my flattering fair.

To

To me with readineſs he did repair;
Expreſs'd much tender chearfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my mind;
And loyally did to me ſhow,
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous Muſe.
I aſk'd the cauſes why. He ſaid,
'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
To all the Nine that on Parnaſſus dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd delightful fountains ſwell
Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where wit's luſty, ſhining god
Keeps his choice ſeraglio.
So whilſt our fortune ſmiles, our thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and fame 's our buſineſs, and deſire,
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies
Her favour, all our pleaſure and rich fancy dies,
And then th' young, ſlippery jilt, the Muſe, too from us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due;
And as right ſearch into myſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.

O how I hugg'd my welcome friend!
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend!
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her face.
Then, to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
See here, my ſon, (ſaid he) the valued prize;
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry quean,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to ſatire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank verſe
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
A wretch whom old diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ bawdry ſure in ſpite,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their art, and ſhew'd it in their naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering ſot,
Who a late Seſſion of the Poets wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still wretch enough to live, with worſe fools ſpends his days,
And for old ſhoes and ſcraps repeats dull plays.

Then

Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
Lord Lampoon and Monſieur Song,
Who fought her love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the court.
The City Poet too was there,
In a black ſatin cap and his own hair,
And begg'd that he might have the honour
To beget a pageant on her
For the city's next lord-mayor.
Her favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.
Till at the laſt up in the rear there came
The Poets' ſcandal, and the Muſes' ſhame,
A beaſt of monſtrous guiſe, and Libel was his name.
But let me pauſe, for 'twill aſk time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he
now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
Down in an obſcure vale,
'Midſt fogs and fens, whence miſts and vapours riſe,
Where never ſun was ſeen by eyes,
Under a deſert wood,
Which no man own'd, but all wild beaſts were bred,
And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd cottage ſtood,
Built of men's bones ſlaughter'd in civil war,
By magic art brought thither from afar,
There liv'd a widow'd witch,

That us'd to mumble curſes eve and morn,
Like one whom wants and care had worn;
Meagre her looks, and ſunk her eyes,
Yet miſchiefs ſtudy'd, diſcords did deviſe.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:
Slow in her ſpeech, in ſemblance ſanctify'd.
Still when ſhe ſpoke ſhe meant another way;
And when ſhe curs'd, ſhe ſeem'd to pray.
Her helliſh charms had all a holy dreſs,
And bore the name of godlineſs,
All her familiars ſeem'd the ſons of Peace.
Honeſt habits they all wore,
In outward ſhow moſt lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as wolves, and ſenſual too as ſwine.
Like her, the ſacred ſcriptures they had all by heart,
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe, beſides herſelf, no idol ſhe 'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſhe 'd arts to change the face,
And alter it in heavenly faſhion.
Lewd whining ſhe defin'd a mark of grace,
And making ugly faces was mortification.
Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
Old Preſbyter Rebellion was his name:
She a ſworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) the good old cauſe.

X. A

X.

A time there was (a ſad one too)
When all things were the face of woe,
When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
And a deſtroying angel was ſent down,
To ſcourge the pride of this rebellious town.
He came, and o'er all Britain ſtretch'd his conquering hand:
Till in th' untrodden ſtreets unwholſome graſs
Grew of great ſtalk, its colour groſs,
And melancholic poiſonous green;
Like thoſe coarſe ſickly weeds on an old dunghill ſeen,
Where ſome murrain-murther'd hog,
Poiſon'd cat, or ſtrangled dog,
In rottenneſs had long unbury'd laid,
And the cold ſoil productive made.
Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
And, as our deſtiny they ſeem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire commiſſion ended, down there came
Another angel with a ſword of flame:
Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new Sodom low in aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old diſguiſe,
This witch with all her miſchief-making train
Began to ſhew herſelf again.
The ſons of Old Rebellion ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all;
Straight they were ready at her call:

Once more th' old bait before their eyes ſhe caſt.
That and her love they long'd to taſt
And to her luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had pollution with his father's wi

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving eyes,
Th' old ſtrumpet did herſelf diſguiſ
In comely weeds, and to the city went,
Affected truth, much modeſty and grace,
And (like a worn-out-ſuburb-trull) paſt there fi
new face.
Thither all her lovers flock'd,
And there for her ſupport ſhe found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does ſo
With all ingredients for his buſineſs ſtock'd,
Not unlike him whoſe ſtory has a place
In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
Of all her buſineſs he took care,
And every knave or fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the court.
Thoſe whoſe ambition had been croſ
Or by ill-manners had preferments loſt,
Were thoſe on whom ſhe practis'd moſt her char
Lay neareſt to her heart, and oftenеſt in her arms.
Intereſt in every faction, every ſect, ſhe ſought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, ſhe brou

All thoſe who uſe religion for a faſhion.
All ſuch as practiſe forms, and take great pains
To make their godlineſs their gains,
And thrive by the diſtractions of a nation.
She by her art enſnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe toleration,
The rebel power, the beggar'd ſpend-thrift lands,
Out of the king's or biſhops' hands.
Nay, to her ſide at laſt ſhe drew in, all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange liberties, and ſure redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November ſquibs, and burning
paſteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common luſt did mingle all the crew,
Till at the laſt ſhe pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monſtrous, moſt deteſted birth.
Of children born with teeth we 've heard,
And ſome like comets with a beard;
Which ſeem'd to be fore-runners of dire change:
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
A form like this, ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocriſy was there,
And madam Impudence the fair:

Dame Scandal with her ſquinting eyes,
That loves to ſet good neighbours at debate,
And raiſe commotions in a jealous ſtate,
Was there, and Malice, queen of far-ſpread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
But midwife Mutiny, that buſy drab,
That 's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the babe,
And of the office moſt was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To ſpite the pillory, it had no ears.
When ſtraight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kia
To the bleſt family of Pryn.
But Scandal offer'd to depoſe her word,
Or oath, the father was a lord.
The noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnouty like a pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in dunghills love to dig;
Lov'd to caſt ſtinking ſatires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtraight was ſent
To a ſiſter-witch, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All day ſhe practis'd charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept,
Yet in the outcaſts of a northern factious town,
A little ſmoaky manſion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did reſort,

A cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her god;
And many an ugly loathſome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all diſmal, black, and ſmoak'd,
Harbour'd beetles, and unwholſome bats,
Sprawling neſts of little cats;
All which were imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her blood,
To make her ſpells ſucceed and good.
Still at her ſhrivel'd breaſts they hung, whene'er mankind ſhe curſt,
And with theſe foſter-brethren was our monſter nurſt.
In little time the hell-bred brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his leading-ſtrings could walk,
And (as the ſorcereſs taught him) talk.
At ſeven years old he went to ſchool,
Where firſt he grew a foe to rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new ways affected, and new methods ſought.
Not that he wanted parts
T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
But, as negligent as fly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
Till, ſpite of Nature, through great pains, the ſot
(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
At laſt in part began to underſtand.
Some inſight in the Latin tongue he got;

Could

Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his guardians all thought fit,
In compliment to his moſt hopeful wit,
He ſhould be ſent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raiſe a damn'd new cauſe.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To ſearch in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,
A wretch's converſe much he did frequent:
One who this world, as that did him, diſown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleaſant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of neceſſaries bare,
No ſervant had he, children, friend, or wife:
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars ſcraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but ſlake his thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.
The cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn-out ſtatutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid

All

All the acts, reſolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning matters of the ſtate,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendſhip much our monſter ſought
By inſtinct, and by inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel ſwore, and by him was he taught.
He learnt of him all goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no diſgrace;
In all things but obedience to be beaſt;
To hide a coward's heart, and ſhew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog:
T' have no religion, honeſty, or ſenſe,
But to profeſs them all for a pretence.
Fraught with theſe morals, he began
To compleat him more for man:
Diſtinguiſh'd to him in an hour
'Twixt legiſlative and judicial power;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by ſtealth;
To palliate it at firſt, and cry
'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
And treaſon *ſalus populi*;

Into

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of aſſociation;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms againſt himſelf the king,
With a diſtinguiſhing old trick,
'Twixt perſons natural and politic;
How to make faithful ſervants traitors
Thorough-pac'd rebels legiſlators,
And at laſt troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furniſh'd with enough
Of ſuch-like wordy, canting ſtuff,
Our blade ſet forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where-e'er he came, 'twas he firſt ſilence broke.
And ſwell'd with every word he ſpoke,
By which becoming ſaucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treaſon without fear or wit;
For opening failings in the ſtate;
For loving noiſy and unſound debate,
And wearing of a myſtical green ribband in his hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's ſkin,
He very dreadful grew.
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his diſtaff drew,
His foes that found him ſaw he was but man:
So when my faithleſs Clio by her ſnare
Had brought him to her arms, and I ſurpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and ſcorn him I began;

To

To ſee how fooliſhly ſhe 'd dreſt,
And for diverſion trick'd the beaſt.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of ills that malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious preſs,
Hung round about him like a ſpell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.
But from ſuch ills when will our wretched ſtate
Be freed? and who ſhall cruſh this ſerpent's head?
'Tis ſaid we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon, ſent by fate
To lay a ſinful kingdom waſte:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each day with a virgin broke his faſt:
Till wretched matrons curſt their womb,
So hardly was their loſs endur'd:
The lovers all deſpair'd, and fought their tombs
In the ſame monſter's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
Till, like our monſter too, and with the ſame
Curſt ends, to the metropolis he came:
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was ſlain.

The

The curſe through every family had paſt,
When to the ſacrifice at laſt
Th' unhappy monarch's only child muſt bow:
A royal daughter needs muſt ſuffer then, a royal brother now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
On him has caſt
His ſordid venom, and prophan'd
With ſpurious verſe his ſpotleſs fame,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand
Unblemiſh'd, and to ages laſt,
When all his foes lie buried in their ſhame.
Elſe tell me why (ſome prophet that is wiſe)
Heaven took ſuch care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the heart, deſirous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bleſs him as he goes?
Why at his preſence ſhrink his foes?
Why do the brave all ſtrive his honour to defend?
Why through the world is he diſtinguiſh'd moſt
By titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt juſt maſter, and a faithful friend?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But ſuch as wiſh him here again,
And miſs his goodneſs now he 's gone.

If

If this be (as I am ſure 'tis) true;
Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's eſteem,
Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful country's ſake,
What dangers or what labours did he ever ſhun?
Or what wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and buſy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in ſight of Holland's ſhore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his flags and ſtreamers play.
Then did the Engliſh lion roar,
Whilſt the Belgian couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of conqueſt and renown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,
To them he like a threatening comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the ſea, and furious as the wind;
But conſtant as the ſtars that never move,
Or as women would have love.
The trembling genius of their ſtate
Look'd out, and ſtrait ſhrunk back his head,
To ſee our daring banners ſpread:
Whilſt in their harbours they
Like batten'd monſters weltering lay;
The winds, when ours th' ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their flags to play;
But drooping like their captains' hearts,
Each pendent, every ſtreamer, hung:
The ſeamen ſeem'd t' have loſt their arts;

Their

Their ſhips at anchor now, of which w' had heard them boaſt,
With ill-furl'd ſails and rattlings looſe, by every billow toſt,
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unſtrung;
Till at the laſt, provok'd with ſhame,
Forth from their dens the baited foxes came;
Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave:
They bluſter'd out the day with ſhew of fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,
With ſpoils of victory and glory fraught.
To him then every heart was open, down
From the great man to the clown:
In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;
And as his health round the glad board did paſs,
Each honeſt fellow cry'd, Fill full my glaſs;
And ſhew'd the fullneſs of his mind.
No diſcontented vermin of ill times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow;
Nor libel daſh him with his dirty rhymes;
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whoſe heart would not wiſh ſo too,
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſled foes
Againſt him roſe,

With

With what heroic grace
He choſe the weight of wrong to undergo!
No tempeſt on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
True witneſs of the innocence within.
But, when the meſſengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since ſent from the relenting hand
Of the moſt loving brother, kindeſt king;
If in his heart regret did riſe,
It never ſcap'd his tongue or eyes;
With ſteady virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
Sad as the buſineſs, ſullen too,
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Of ſoldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where pleaſures us'd to flow,
Became the ſcene of mourning and of woe:
Deſolate was every room,
Where men for news and buſineſs us'd to come:
With folded arms and down-caſt eyes men walk'd
In corners, and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
When he muſt part: his laſt ſhort time was ſpent
In leaving bleſſings on his children dear:
To them with eager haſte and love he went;
The eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But ſad in mind as deepeſt night:

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T' expreſs all nobleſt offices he ſtrove,
Of royal goodneſs, and a brother's love.
Then down to the ſhore ſide,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With ſolemn pace they paſs'd,
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by ſympathy to ſee them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-ſtander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidſt afflictions fair,
He, though oppreſt, ſtill great.
Into th' expecting boat with haſte they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the ſhore ſome wiſhes ſent
For that dear pledge ſh'ad left behind,
And as her paſſion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of ſome tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiſs'd away,
And, as ſhe wept, bluſh'd with diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-ſwoln Thames;
The well-ſtruck oars lave up the yielding ſtreams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more,
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated ſhore.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, the ſon of Ægeus, having ſlain the Minotaur, promiſed to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Paſiphae, for the aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; ſo together with her ſiſter Phædra they went on board and ſailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her ſiſter Phædra, who afterwards, in Theſeus her huſband's abſence, fell in love with Hippolytus her ſon-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this epiſtle to give him an account of her paſſion.

IF thou 'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall health enjoy,
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my ſoul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus ſecrets ſafe to fartheſt ſhores may move;
By letters foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faultering tongue abortive dy'd;

Long

Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to reſiſt the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he 's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breaſt of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I 'll loſe no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou 'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding to worſt pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No reſt, th' unwonted weight ſo toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let 's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing roſe,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for ſpotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh, in thy love I ſhall no hazard run;
'Tis not a ſin, but when 'tis coarſely done.
And now ſhould Juno leave her Jove to me,
I 'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with ſtrange deſires I change,
Amongſt wild beaſts I long with thee to range.

To thy delights and Delia I inclíne,
Make her my goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe 's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chaſe ended, lye
Stretch'd on the graſs; and would'ſt not thou be by?
Oft in light chariots I with pleaſure ride,
And love myſelf the furious ſteeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I ſtray,
Or old Cybele's prieſts, as mad as they
When under Ida's hill they offerings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But ſtill each little interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languiſh'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with ſhame as well as pain.
The faithleſs Theſeus by my ſiſter's aid
The monſter ſlew, and a ſafe conqueſt made:
Now, in that family my right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame terms a ſlave:
'Twas fatal to my ſiſter and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.

When

When firſt our vows were to Eleuſis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect conqueſt gain,
Whilſt love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modeſt bluſh thy comely face o'erſpread,:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whoſe faſhion 's leaſt his care,
And hate my ſex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To ſee thee poiſe the javelin moves delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my ſight:
But to the woods thy cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a life as mine.
Muſt cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Muſt ſhe have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleaſure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For Cynthia's ſake unbend and eaſe thy bow,
Elſe to thy arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was ſlain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wiſely left old age for youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading ſhades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;

Atalanta's love too Meleager ſought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I next the bleſt ſylvan pair;
Where Love 's a ſtranger, woods but deſerts are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
I 'll rove, and fearleſs face the dreadful boar.
Between two ſeas a little iſthmus lies,
Where on each ſide the beating billows riſe,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wiſh, old Theſeus is away
At Theſſaly, where always let him ſtay
With his Perithoüs, whom well I ſee
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his hate;
We both have ſuffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my ſiſter falſely ran away,
And left expos'd to every beaſt a prey:
A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a ſon ſo brave,
From cruel Theſeus yet her death did find,
Nor, though ſhe gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in ſpight,
To baſtardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two ſons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
Rather, thou faireſt thing the earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How

How canſt thou rev'rence then thy father's bed,
From which himſelf ſo abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and ſon are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in faſhion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleaſure was no ſin,
And with his ſiſter did himſelf begin.
Nearneſs of blood and kindred beſt we prove,
When we expreſs it in the cloſeſt love.
Nor need we fear our fault ſhould be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praiſe ſhall crown
A mother's kindneſs to a grateful ſon.
No need at midnight in the dark to ſtray,
T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way!
No buſy ſpies our pleaſures to betray.
But in one houſe, as heretofore, we 'll live;
In public, kiſſes take; in public, give:
Though in my bed thou 'rt ſeen, 'twill gain applauſe
From all, whilſt none have ſenſe to gueſs the cauſe:
Only make haſte, and let this league be ſign'd;
So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble ſuppliant grown;
Now where are all my boaſts of greatneſs gone?
I ſwore I ne'er would yield, reſolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that 's ſeldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl, to claſp thy knees;
What 's decent no true lover cares or ſees:

Shame,

Shame, like a beaten ſoldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's bluſhes ſtill are in my face.
Forgive this fond confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome pity on my ſufferings take.
What though 'midſt ſeas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandſire thunder from the ſkies;
What though my father's fire in beams dreſt gay
Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
Their honour all in me to Love 's a ſlave,
Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour ſave.
Jove's famous iſland, Crete, in dower I 'll bring,
And there ſhall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' ſake then hear and grant my prayer,
So may'ſt thou never love a ſcornful fair;
In fields ſo may Diana grace thee ſtill,
And every wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
Be kind, ſo may the boar before thee fall;
So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their ſex deſpiſe, thy thirſt allay.
Millions of tears to theſe my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear eyes of thine,
Think that thou ſee'ſt the ſtreams that flow from mine.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE.*

MY much-lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light deſpiſe!
Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree,
'Tis when they 're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of thee.
Laſt night methought (heaven make the next as kind!)
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt parents in their Eden were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our friendſhip, ſpringing as our love;
Hundreds of chearful birds fill'd every tree,
And ſung their joyful ſongs of liberty;
While through the gladſome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valued ſtate thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who 'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments at a court would wait,
Where every gudgeon 's nibbling at the bait?
What fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lie,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling fry,
That throng and crowd each other for a taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd paſte;

* See the Anſwer, in "Duke's Poems."

When

When the wide river he behind him ſees,
Where he may launch to liberty and eaſe?
No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While, underneath theſe ſhady peaceful bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a thouſand pleaſures waſte the day;
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where ſkimming ſwallows o'er the ſurface fly,
Juſt as the ſun, declining with his beams,
Kiſſes and gently warms the gliding ſtreams;
Amidſt whoſe current riſing fiſhes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.
Perhaps hard by there grows a little buſh,
On which the linnet, nightingale, and thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn orgies meeting keep,
And ſing their veſpers ere they go to ſleep:
There we two lie, between us may be 's ſpread
Some books, few underſtand, though many read.
Sometimes we Virgil's ſacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her ſex
In Dido's ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
Next Niſus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendſhip, and their martial fire;
We praiſe their valour, 'cauſe yet match'd by none,
And love their friendſhip, ſo much like our own.

But

But when to give our minds a feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our tranſports, or our longings tell,
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of love and wine by him we 're fir'd,
Two things in ſweet retirement much defir'd:
A generous bottle and a loveſome ſhe,
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,
When to our little cottage we repair,
We find a friend or two, we 'd wiſh for there,
Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers tears,
Adderly, honeſt as the ſword he wears,
Wilſon, profeſſing friendſhip yet a friend,
Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindneſs, generous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modeſt merit, good;
Who have forſook the vile tumultuous town,
And for a taſte of life to us come down;
With eager arms, how cloſely we embrace!
What joys in every heart, and every face!
The moderate table 's quickly cover'd o'er,
With choiceſt meats at leaſt, though not with ſtore:
Of bottles next ſucceeds a goodly train,
Full of what chears the heart, and fires the brain:
Each waited on by a bright virgin glaſs,
Clean, ſound, and ſhining like its drinker's laſs.
Then down we ſit, while every genius tries
T' improve, till he deſerves his ſacrifice:

No

No ſaucy hour preſumes to ſtint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that 's done 'tis night.
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we 'll part,
Each takes th' obedient treaſure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his ſilent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
But every ſenſe with perfect pleaſure 's fed;
Till in full joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep
With twining limbs, that ſtill love's poſture keep;
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
Then we the drowſy cells of ſleep forſake,
And to our books our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there, methinks, Fancy ſits queen of all;
While the poor under-faculties reſort,
And to her fickle majeſty make court;
The underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no entrance to be had.
Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
He meets reception from the antic queen,
Who thinks her majeſty 's moſt honour'd, when
Attended by thoſe fine-dreſt gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt counſellor, this knows,
And into court with reſolute virtue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering follies ſneak away!
This image, when it came, too fiercely ſhook
My brain, which its ſoft quiet ſtraight forſook;

When waking as I caſt my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and, what 's worſe to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
Were ſeiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
Gods! life 's your gift, then ſeaſon 't with ſuch fate,
That what ye meant a bleſſing prove no weight.
Let me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haſte, the world;
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what 's needful, and at night ſoft eaſe;
The friend I truſt in, and the ſhe I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wiſh remove,
Make me as great (that 's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the woefull'ſt ſtate of man;
To be by fools miſled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I aſk, or take 't away.

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

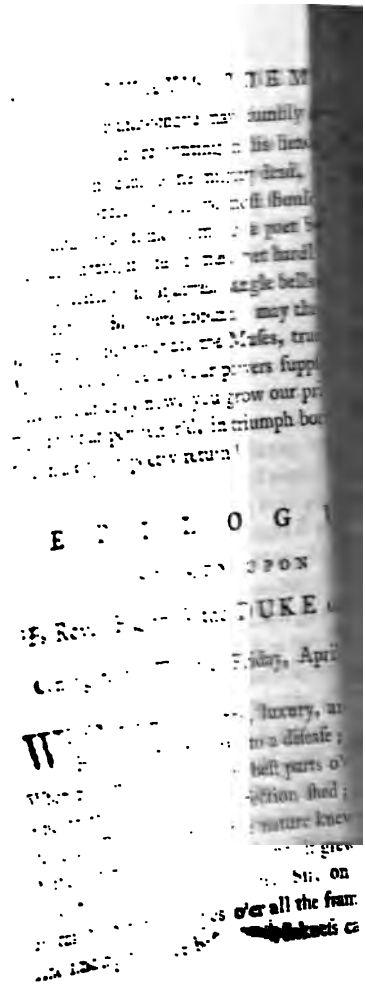
SIR, when your book the firſt time came abroad,
I muſt confeſs I ſtood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to ſome good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read, leſt I ſhould not commend.

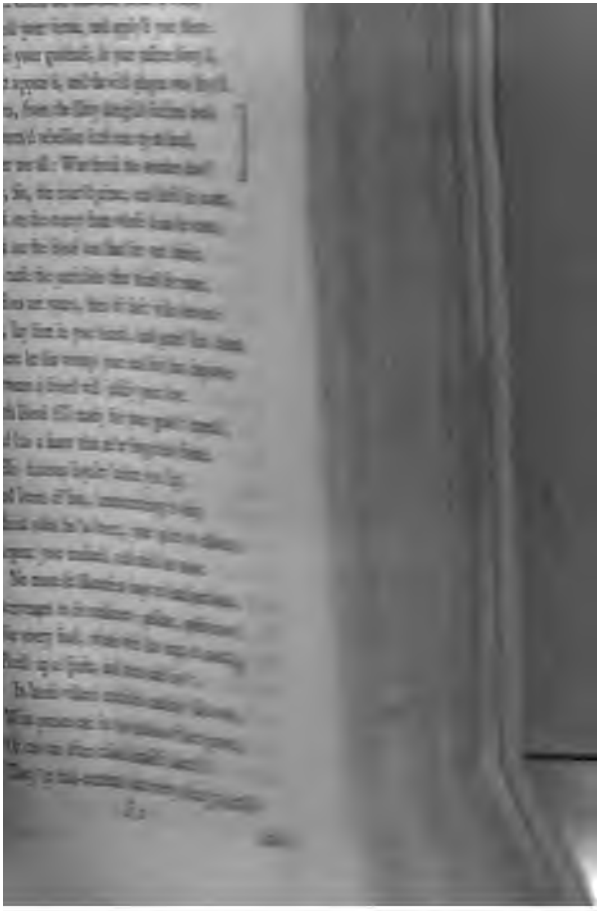
Lucretius

Lucretius engliſh'd! 'twas a work might ſhake
The power of Engliſh verſe to undertake.
This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
T' out-do the expectations of mankind;
Since you 've ſo well the noble taſk perform'd,
Envy 's appeas'd, and prejudice diſarm'd:
For when the rich original we peruſe,
And by it try the metal you produce,
Though there indeed the pureſt ore we find,
Yet ſtill in you it ſomething ſeems refin'd:
Thus when the great Lucretius gives a looſe,
And laſhes to her ſpeed his fiery Muſe;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full ſtretch upon him all the race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verſe, and not ſo ſmooth a ſtroke maintain;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to chuſe his ground.
Next, his philoſophy you 've ſo expreſt
In genuine terms, ſo plain, yet neatly dreſt,
Thoſe murderers that now mingle it all day
In ſchools, may learn from you the eaſy way
To let us know what they would mean and ſay:
If Ariſtotle's friends will ſhew the grace
To wave for once their ſtatute in that caſe.
Go on then, Sir, and ſince you could aſpire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with ſo long

In-

-Holbourn rhyme, and, leſt the book ſhould fail,
xpos'd with pictures to promote the ſale:
› tapſters ſet out ſigns, for muddy ale.
ou 're only able to retrieve his doom,
.nd make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
or ſure, when Julius firſt this iſle ſubdued,
our anceſtors then mixt with Roman blood;
ome near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
irgil and Horace, thoſe three ſons of Fame;
ince to their memory it is ſo true,
.nd ſhews their poetry ſo much in you.
o on in pity to this wretched iſle,
Vhich ignorant poetaſters do defile
Vith louſy madrigals for lyric verſe;
ıſtead of comedy with naſty farce.
Vould Plautus, Terence e'er, have been ſo lewd
" have dreſt Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
r Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
'o ſhew a whining fool in love betray'd
y ſome falſe friend or ſlippery chambermaid,
hen, ere he hangs himſelf, bemoans his fall
n a dull ſpeech, and that fine language call?
o, ſince we live in ſuch a fulſome age,
Vhen nonſenſe loads the preſs, and choaks the ſtage;
Vhen blockheads will claim wit in nature's ſpight,
ınd every dunce, that ſtarves, preſumes to write,
xert yourſelf, defend the Muſe's cauſe,
roclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
ake the dead ancients ſpeak the Britiſh tongue;
hat ſo each chattering daw, who aims at ſong,





In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head
To make him equal to the mighty dead,
For of all Nature's works we moſt ſhould ſcorn
The thing who thinks himſelf a poet born,
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly ſpells,
And ſenſeleſsly, as ſquirrels jangle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the Muſes, true!
May our defects be by your powers ſupply'd,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
Till by your pen reſtor'd, in triumph borne,
The majeſty of poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and eaſe,
Had ſurfeited this iſle to a diſeaſe;
When noiſome blains did its beſt parts o'erſpread,
And on the reſt their dire infection ſhed;
Our great Phyſician, who the nature knew
Of the diſtemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
He caſt his ſearching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one ſickneſs came,

How once before our miſchiefs foſter'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where ſo your goodneſs, ſo your juſtice ſway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was ſtay'd.
When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd rebellion durſt rear up its head,
Anſwer me all: Who ſtruck the monſter dead?
See, ſee, the injur'd prince, and bleſs his name,
Think on the martyr from whoſe loins he came;
Think on the blood was ſhed for you before,
And curſe the parricides that thirſt for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a ſword will juſtify your love.
With blood ſtill ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.
Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to reſtore;
Repent your madneſs, and rebel no more.
No more let Boutefeus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treaſurers; pedlars, politicians;
Nor every fool, whoſe wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a ſpirit, and turn rebel for 't.
In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himſelf alarm'd?
They 're mal-contents that every where go arm'd:

And when the horned herd 's together got,
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.
Caſt, caſt your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philiſtines fatten with your blood:
Renounce your prieſts of Baal with amen faces,
Your Wapping feaſts, and your Mile-end high places.
Nail all your medals on the gallows poſt,
In recompence th' original was loſt:
At theſe, illuſtrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a medicine fit t' aſſuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happineſs to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty bleſſings home:
Send all your wiſhes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it ſafely there,
The ſeas, like what they 'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illuſtrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her ſon command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to ſhore,
With kind aſſurance ſhe ſhall part no more.
Be the majeſtic babe then ſmiling born,
And all good ſigns of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a conſtant pledge to ſtand
Of Cæſar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muſe's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wiſhes here,
Turn your deſiring eyes, and feaſt them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er loſe that preſence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come ſo curſt to envy what they ſee,
From the vain fool that would be great too ſoon,
To the dull knave that writ the laſt lampoon!
Let ſuch, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blaſted heads, and die with ſhame.
Our mighty bleſſing is at laſt return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which ſo long we mourn'd:
From whom our preſent peace we expect encreas'd,
And all our future generations bleſt.
Time, have a care: bring ſafe the hour of joy,
When ſome bleſt tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be ſtrong;
Bleſs him with days of ſtrength, and make them long;

Till charg'd with honours we behold him ſtand,
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering ſword within his hand:
Then th' Engliſh lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring muſic to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S

CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the ſtage,
In ſtriving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the miſchief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach,
As you regard at church what parſons preach.
But where ſuch follies and ſuch vices reign,
What honeſt pen has patience to refrain?
At church, in pews, ye moſt devoutly ſnore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run ſo very evenly your race,
Y' improve in wit juſt as ye do in grace.
It muſt be ſo; ſome dæmon has poſſeſt
Our land, and we have never ſince been bleſt.

Y' ha'

Y' have ſeen it all, and heard of its renown,
In reverend ſhape it ſtalk'd about the town,
Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apoſtolic function o'er:
But heaven have mercy on us when it ſwore!
Whene'er it ſwore, to prove the oaths were true,
Out of its mouth at random halters flew
Round ſome unwary neck, by magic thrown,
Though ſtill the cunning devil ſav'd its own:
For when th' enchantment could no longer laſt,
The ſubtle Pug, moſt dextrouſly uncaſt,
Left awful form for one more ſeeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From ſilken doctor, home-ſpun Ananias:
Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
Where ſtill by its old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of fools with politicks.
This dæmon lately drew in many a gueſt,
To part with zealous guinea for---no feaſt.
Who, but the moſt incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in diſmal cells, call'd ſhops,
To cheat and damn themſelves to get their livings,
Would lay ſweet money out in ſham thankſgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a ſham treat before?
Had you not better ſent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequeſtrators' Hall?
I being your ſteward, juſtice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH O

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORA(

IN ſtorms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind ſtars the pilot guide,
Shew me at ſea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.
For quiet, friend, the ſoldier fights,
Bears weary marches, ſleepleſs nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of ſtate
Drive thence the cares that round him wait;
Happy the man with little bleſt,
Of what his father left poſſeſt;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,

'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
If then thy ſoul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd:
No perfect good is to be found.
One mortal feels Fate's ſudden blow,
Another's lingering death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horſes and chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me, a little cell I chuſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I ſcorn.

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet 's in my mind,
Though ne'er could be a happier ſwain,
Were Sylvia leſs unkind.

For when, as long her chains I 've worn,
I aſk relief from ſmart,
She only gives me looks of ſcorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly ſtore,
May offer heaps of gold,
But ſurely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can Sylvia ſuch a coxcomb prize,
For wealth, and not deſert;
And my poor ſighs and tears deſpiſe?
Alas, 'twill break my heart!

When, like ſome panting, hovering dove,
I for my bliſs contend,
And plead the cauſe of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a healer's part,
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, penſive bed
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breaſt.
Her cruelty all eaſe denies;
With ſome ſad dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then riſing, through the path I rove
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs waves my love
Its mournful ſtory tells:
With ſighs I dew and kiſs the door,
Till morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thouſand ſighs and more:
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conqueſt 's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you 've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curſe thee, Sylvia, I 'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wiſe Providence, when firſt
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durſt,
That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
That when its ſpirit o'er the waters ſtirr'd,
When it ſaw all, and ſaid that all was good,
The creature Poet was not underſtood:

For,

For, were it worth the pains of ſix long days,
To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
That ſtarve out threeſcore years in hopes of bays?
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the firſt creation,
But came by meer equivocal generation:
Like rats in ſhips, without coition bred,
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their ſpecies ſure muſt needs diſown,
Scarce knowing Poets, leſs by Poets known.
Yet this poor thing, ſo ſcorn'd and ſet at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Diſabled waſting Whore-maſters are not
Prouder to own the brats they never got,
Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
T' adopt ſome baſe-born ſong that's not their own.
Spite of his ſtate, my Lord ſometimes deſcends,
To pleaſe the importunity of friends.
The dulleſt he, thought moſt for buſineſs fit,
Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
And though he ſinks with his employs of ſtate,
Till common ſenſe forſake him, he 'll tranſlate.
The Poet and the Whore alike complains
Of trading quality, that ſpoil their gains;
The lords will write, and ladies will have ſwains!
Therefore all you who have male iſſue born
Under the ſtarving ſign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their ſtars in time,
And warn them early from the ſin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spenſer ſtarv'd, how Cowley mour
How Butler's faith and ſervice was return'd;

And if ſuch warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt experiment, O parents, made!
With hands behind them ſee th' offender ty'd,
The pariſh whip and beadle by his ſide;
Then lead him to ſome ſtall that does expoſe
The authors he loves moſt; there rub his noſe,
Till, like a ſpaniel laſh'd to know command,
He by the due correction underſtand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
Till he againſt his nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the knack of dulneſs how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF

A PASTORAL

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror 's this that dwells upon the plain,
And thus diſturbs the ſhepherds' peaceful reign?
A diſmal ſound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us ſome dreadful ſtorm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confuſion ſtray,
The early larks forſake their wandering way,
And ceaſe to welcome in the new-born day.
Each nymph poſſeſt with a diſtracted fear,
Diſorder'd hangs her looſe diſhevel'd hair.

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes with her ſtrong convulſions reign,
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic ſeizures ſlain:
Hence flow our ſorrows, hence increaſe our fea
Each humble plant does drop her ſilver tears.
Ye tender lambs, ſtray not ſo faſt away,
To weep and mourn let us together ſtay:
O'er all the univerſe let it be ſpread,
That now the ſhepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Dea
eternal ſleep!

Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
Aloft where the ſoft milky way does lie;
Mopſus, who Daphnis to the ſtars did ſing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
Play gently on your reeds a mournful ſtrain,
And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian pla
The royal Pan, the ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Dea
eternal ſleep.

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POEMS

BY

RICHARD DUKE, M. A.

POEMS

BY

MR. DUKE.

THE REVIEW.

" Longa eſt injuria, longæ
" Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum." VIRG.

HOW have we wander'd a long diſmal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by ſharp brambles torn,
With tempeſts beat, and to the winds a ſcorn!
Loſt, weary'd, ſpent! but ſee the Eaſtern ſtar
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddeſs, hail! while we by thee ſurvey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by ſome clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverſe cabals, and winding turns of ſtate,

The ſenate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild deſigns;
Till getting out where firſt we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appear
As the bleſt ſhore to ſhip-wreck'd mariners,
Succeſs to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the ſick, or freedom to the ſlave;
Such was great Cæſar's day! the wondrous day
That long in Fate's dark boſom hatching lay,
Heaven to abſolve, and ſatisfaction bring,
For twenty years of miſery and ſin!
What ſhouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breaſt, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilſt on his people ſhone
The King triumphant from the martyr's throne
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind, and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs, and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive.
All ſtorms compos'd, and tempeſts rage aſleep
He, Halcyon like, ſat brooding o'er the deep.
He ſaw the royal bark ſecurely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and ſeas were hig
Oppos'd his ſkill, and did their rage defy,

No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleaſure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be ſo the people's ſlave
As not to ſhare the bleſſings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He choſe a pilot in his place to ſteer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in buſineſs grown;
Whoſe confirm'd judgment and ſagacious wit
Knew all the ſands on which raſh monarchs ſplit;
Of riſing winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the ſtorm.
Such was, or ſuch he ſeem'd, whom Cæſar choſe,
And did all empire's cares in him repoſe;
That, after all his toils and dangers paſt,
He might lie down and taſte ſome eaſe at laſt.
Now ſtands the ſtateſman of the helm poſſeſt,
On him alone three mighty nations reſt;
* Byrſa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And ſkill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muſes' friend;
Him every Muſe in every age had ſung,
His eaſy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inſpir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Diſdaining leſs alliances to own,
He now ſets up for kinſman of the throne;

* Earl of Clarendon.

And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæſar's abſolute command,
On falſe pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave * Britannicus's bed.
Thus rais'd, his inſolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meaneſt avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæſar, to confirm his infant ſtate,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchaſe of oblivion.
Byrſa his maſter's free-given mercy ſold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
That new ſtate-maxim he invented firſt,
(To aged Time's laſt revolution curſt)
That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
And their beſt friends to beggary expoſe;
For theſe, he ſaid, would ſtill beg on and ſerve;
'Tis the old badge of loyalty to ſtarve:
But harden'd rebels muſt by bribes be won,
And paid for all the mighty ills they 've done:
When wealth and honour from their treaſons flow
How can they chuſe but very loyal grow?
This falſe ungrateful maxim Byrſa taught,
Vaſt ſums of wealth from thriving rebels brought
Titles and power to thieves and traitors ſold,
Swell'd his ſtretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gol
Hence all theſe tears----in theſe firſt ſeeds was ſow
His country's following ruin, and his own.

* Duke of York.

Of that accurſt and ſacrilegious crew,
Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
Had all unactive periſh'd and unknown,
The falſe * Antonius had ſuffic'd alone,
To all ſucceeding ages to proclaim
Of this ſtate principle the guilt and ſhame.
Antonius early in rebellious race
Swiftly ſet out, nor ſlackening in his pace,
The ſame ambition that his youthful heat
Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
With unabated ardour does engage
The loathſome dregs of his decrepit age;
Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
Of ſprightly cunning and malicious wit;
Reſtleſs, projecting ſtill ſome new deſign,
Still drawing round the government his line,
Bold on the walls, or buſy in the mine:
Lewd as the ſtews, but to the blinded eyes
Of the dull crowd as Puritan preciſe;
Before their ſight he draws the juggler's cloud
Of public intereſt, and the people's good.
The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's caſk with pain confin'd,
Would burſt the rotten veſſel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treaſon vent.
Such were the men that from the ſtateſman's hand,
Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

All offices of dignity or power
Theſe ſwarming locuſts greedily devour;
Preferr'd to all the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Theſe ſenſeleſs ſinners in the council ſate,
In their unjuſt deceitful balance laid,
The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wiſe * Loviſius knew, whoſe mighty mind
Had univerſal empire long deſign'd;
And when he all things found were bought and ſold,
Thought nothing there impoſſible to gold:
With mighty ſums, through ſecret channels brought
On the corrupted counſellors he wrought:
Againſt the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expenſive war.
Their freſh affronts and matchleſs inſolence
To Cæſar's honour made a fair pretence;
Meer outſide this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Loviſius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken thoſe
Who only could his vaſt deſigns oppoſe.
But Cæſar, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his ſide,
To laſh their inſolence, and curb their pride:
Britannicus, by whoſe high virtues grac'd,
The preſent age contends with all the paſt;
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform,

* French King.

In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight,
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Did equal harveſts of bright glory yield.
No leſs each civil virtue him commends,
The beſt of ſubjects, brothers, maſters, friends;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and conſtant to his friend:
What 's well reſolv'd as bravely he purſues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæſar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle ſpy,
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main;
And now returns, the watery empire won,
At Cæſar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the ſhouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad iſle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand.

Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And ſhews, through all diſguiſe, his aſſes ears.
Did he the weightieſt buſineſs of the ſtate
At council or in ſenate-houſe debate,
King, country, all, he for a jeſt would quit,
To catch ſome little flaſh of paltry wit:
How full of gravity ſoe'er he ſtruts,
The ape in robes will ſcramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaſpheme his God, or give his king the lye;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worſe, commit,
Still 'twas a jeſt, and nothing but ſheer wit:
At laſt this edg'd-tool wit, his darling ſport,
Wounded himſelf, and baniſh'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks ſhewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He ſtill found company to ſuit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemiſts, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city ſheriffs, and ſuburb harlots;
War his averſion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he ſwore.
But with play-houſes, wars, immortal wars,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a * farce.
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almoſt as many, to deſtroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.

* The Rehearſal.

On

Once more, ſays Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a ſecond farce:
But, if as long for this as that we ſtay,
He 'll finiſh Clevedon ſooner than his play.
This precious tool did the new ſtateſmen uſe
In Cæſar's breath their whiſpers to infuſe:
Suſpicion 's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who ſuſpects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jeſts ſober impreſſions made:
Beſides, he knew to chuſe the ſofteſt hour,
When Cæſar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
'Twas then he play'd the ſly ſucceſsful fool,
And ſerious miſchief did in ridicule.
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien, diſcourſe, and decent ſtate,
He pleaſantly the ape could imitate,
And ſoon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to ſucceed.
——— Gravities diſguiſe
The greateſt jeſt of all, "he'd needs be wiſe---"

[Here the writer left off.]

OVID,

Oh! think not ſo divine a thing
Could from the bed of commons ſpring;
Whoſe faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the nobleſt love diſgrace.
Her blooming face, her ſnowy arms,
Her well-ſhap'd legs, and all her charms
Of her body and her face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not, Love, the youthful rage
From Horace's declining age,
But think remov'd, by forty years,
All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE

IF ever any injur'd power,
By which the falſe Bariné ſwore,
Falſe, fair Bariné, on thy head
Had the leaſt mark of vengeance ſhed;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy perjury,
I ſhould believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half ſo falſe as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead mother's ſacred urn,

By heaven and all the ſtars that ſhine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does ſmile,
Her nymphs all ſmile, her little ſon
Does ſmile, and to his quiver run;
Does ſmile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee freſh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey,
Thy train of ſlaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former ſubjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her ſon's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal ſires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger charms
Th' expected huſband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,

I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great monarch of the eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy ſoul with me was fill'd
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verſe and fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe godlike ſon our Rome did found

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muſe
And every Grace adorns, ſubdues;
For whom I 'd gladly die, to ſave
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calaïs does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would die, to ſave
His youth more precious from the grave

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn;
If Chloe 's baniſh'd, to make way
For the forſaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is ſhining as a ſtar,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the ſea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

Theocritus, Idyll. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

O SHORT, no herb, no ſalve, was ever found
To eaſe a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No medicine this prevailing ill ſubdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the ſenſe, and eaſy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſic's ſacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the Cyclops ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits ſent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to pleaſe curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madneſs; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and ſea
Accuſing Galatea's cruelty;

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Till night, from t
Conſumes with in
Yet then a cure, t
And thus apply'd
From a ſteep rock,
The flood (the bed
His drooping head
And thus his griefs
" Fair Galatea, wh
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" Fairer than fallin
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" Of all its brightne
" To gather flowers f
" Of the high office
" To hyacinths and
" And thew'd you all

Till night, from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound;
From a ſteep rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd ſea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful ſong.
" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
" Rewarded thus? ſoft love with ſharp diſdain?
" Fairer than falling ſnow or riſing light,
" Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whoſe head
" The tender creſcents but begin to ſpread;
" Yet, cruel, you to harſhneſs more incline,
" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the ſavage vine.
" Soon as my heavy eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
" But, when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
" And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening eye,
" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they ſpy.
" I well remember the firſt fatal day
" That made my heart your beauty's eaſy prey,
" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
" Of all its brightneſs, all its pride, bereft,
" To gather flowers from the ſteep mountain's top;
" Of the high office proud, I led you up;
" To hyacinths and roſes did you bring,
" And ſhew'd you all the treaſures of the ſpring.

" But

"But from that hour my ſoul has known no reſt,
"Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd breaſt:
"I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
"Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
"No; by the gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
"No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
"Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
"Why you deſpiſe and fly the Cyclops ſo;
"Becauſe a ſhaggy brow from ſide to ſide,
"Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
"And under that one only eye does ſhine,
"And my flat noſe to my big lips does join.
"Such though I am, yet know, a thouſand ſheep,
"The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep;
"With ſweeteſt milk they fill my flowing pails,
"And my vaſt ſtock of cheeſes never fails;
"In ſummer's heat, or winter's ſharpeſt cold,
"My loaded ſhelves groan with the weight they hold.
"With ſuch ſoft notes I the ſhrill pipe inſpire,
"That every liſtening Cyclops does admire;
"While with it often I all night proclaim
"Thy powerful charms, and my ſucceſsleſs flame.
"For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
"And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
"Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you ſhall find
"Theſe are the ſmalleſt gifts for thee deſign'd.
"Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
"And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhore.
"How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
"In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!

" There the ſtreight cypreſs and green laurel join,
" And creeping ivy claſps the cluſter'd vine;
" There freſh, cool rills, from Ætna's pureſt ſnow
" Diſſolv'd into ambroſial liquor, flow.
" Who the wild waves and blackiſh ſea could chuſe
" And theſe ſtill ſhades and theſe ſweet ſtreams refu
" But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
" Without a fire defy the winter air,
" Know I have mighty ſtores of wood, and know
" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
" My ſoul, my life itſelf ſhould burn for thee,
" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
" Why was not I with fins, like fiſhes, made,
" That I, like them, might in the deep have play'd
" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
" And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
" To thee I 'd lilies and red poppies bear,
" And flowers that crown each ſeaſon of the year.
" But I 'm reſolv'd I 'll learn to ſwim and dive
" Of the next ſtranger that does here arrive,
" That th' undiſcover'd pleaſures I may know
" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forge
" Like me that on this rock unmindful ſit
" (Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee),
" Home to return forget, and live with me.
" With me the ſweet and pleaſing labour chuſe,
" To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
" To preſs the cheeſe, and the ſharp runnet to infuſe

"

"My mother does unkindly uſe her ſon,
"By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;
"For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
"Nor whiſpers in your ear my amorous tale.
"No; though ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
"And ſees my body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
"But I more ills than what I feel will feign,
"And of my head and of my feet complain;
"That, in her breaſt if any pity lie,
"She may be ſad, and griev'd, as well as I.
"O Cyclops, Cyclops, where 's thy reaſon fled?
"If your young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs you fed,
"And watch'd your flock, would you not ſeem more wiſe;
"Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.
"Perhaps you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
"Another fairer Galatea find.
"Me many virgins as I paſs invite
"To waſte with them in love's ſoft ſports the night;
"And, if I but incline my liſtening ear,
"New joys, new ſmiles, in all their looks appear.
"Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
"It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe!"
Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle verſe his fierce deſire;
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

FLY ſwift, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Make haſte, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia brighter than thyſelf reſtore.
In ſpite of thee, 'tis night when ſhe 's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That makes my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
So ſwift when borne upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt;
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O, my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And clear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty ſoul does long
To hear the charming muſic of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſy ſtream united flows.
Whene'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every ſoul to every year!

Natu

Nature 's too prodigal to womankind,
E'v'a where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and ſenſe with beauty 's join'd,
The woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind;
When nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging charms of either ſex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not human but divine,
What 's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love 's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where nature bids, worſhip I 'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to diſobey;
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a poet make,
She gives him verſe but for thy beauty's ſake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sachariſſa's name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of fame;
Each grove, each ſhade, ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penſhurſt to our Windſor yield.

SPOKEN

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'ſt a crown ſit ſoft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatneſs virtue takes her ſeat,
Meekneſs with power, and piety with ſtate;
Whoſe goodneſs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the ſeditious, and the ſavage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a king!
See, mighty princeſs, ſee how every breaſt
With joy and wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the joy which the firſt mortals knew,
When gods deſcended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe powers they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could ſhed more bleſſings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make reception for ſo great a train:
Here may your ſacred breaſt rejoice to ſee,
Your own age ſtrive with ancient piety;
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our fabric riſe.
Leſs powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing ſtones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name ſhall grow.

FLO-

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL, upon the Death of her Grace MARY Ducheſs of SOUTHAMPTON 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrſis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd ſwain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may:
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? let them for ever ſtray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, ſhe is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd:
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, ſhepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendſhip, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But ſuppoſe it true?

DAM. Then ſhould I grieve, my Thyrſis, more than you.

She

She is---THYR. Alas! ſhe was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy ſwoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy ſad Thyrſis grow,
And, when my ſtreams of grief too ſhallow flow,
Let-in thy tide to raiſe the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.
DAM. Then, that to this wiſh'd height the flood might ſwell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.
Oh! ſhe was all for which fond mothers pray,
Bleſſing their babes when firſt they ſee the day.
Beauty and ſhe were one, for in her face
Sat ſweetneſs temper'd with majeſtic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudeſt awe,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal law.
How was ſhe wonder'd at by every ſwain!
The pride, the light, the goddeſs of the plain!
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt
Diffuſive of herſelf, where-e'er ſhe paſt,
There breath'd an air ſweet as the winds that blow
From the bleſt ſhores where fragrant ſpices grow:
Ev'n me ſometimes ſhe with a ſmile would grace,
Like the ſun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feaſting on her eyes my longing ſight:
But to a being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my love ſecure.

DAM.

DAM. Her beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
That only as an anſwerable ſhrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her ſoul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,
As clouds are gilt by the ſun's piercing light.
In her ſmooth forehead we might read expreſt
The even calmneſs of her gentle breaſt:
And in her ſparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face
Was but the ſhadow of ſome inward grace.
Gay, ſprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor ſevere,
Like thoſe who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And, being ſullen, hope men think them wiſe.
How would the liſtening ſhepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own ſpirit and ſoul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whoſe powerful hand ſuſtains
The ſovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
Of all his cares made her the tendereſt part,
And great Louiſa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a ſolemn mourning keep,
When Pan himſelf and fair Louiſa weep?
When thoſe bleſt eyes, by the kind gods deſign'd
To cheriſh nature, and delight mankind,

All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler ſhowers
Than April-drops upon the ſpringing flowers?
Such tears as Venus for Adonis ſhed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her Ceſtos, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louiſa come,
And viſit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſte hands freſh flowers and odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent bed;
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her ſlumber ſweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louiſa, mournful far above the reſt,
In all the charms of beauteous ſorrow dreſt;
Juſt are her tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
A beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſh'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, ſhe is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd ſome virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the ſtalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
Yet flowers return, and coming ſprings diſcloſe
The lily whiter, and more freſh the roſe;
But no kind ſeaſon back her charms can bring,
And Floriana has no ſecond ſpring.

THYR.

THYR. O, ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling ſun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad day is gone!
Alas! the ſun that 's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer beams the morning-ſkies;
But beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort glory to the Weſt declines,
O, there 's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*.

I Thought, forgive my ſin, the boaſted fire
Of poets' ſouls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the god within, that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
But ſure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers ſlumbering by the Muſes' ſtream.
Some livelier ſpark of heaven, and more refin'd
From earthy droſs, fills the great Poet's mind:
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th' informing genius ſhines:
Scarce a diviner flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
Not David's ſelf could in a nobler verſe
His glorioufly-offending Son rehearſe;

* Mr. Dryden publiſhed it without his name.

Though

[illegible] POEMS.

[illegible] the Prophet's fury [illegible]
[illegible] Landness, and the Poet's [illegible]
[illegible] in wonder and in praise.
[illegible] POET altars raise:
[illegible] must needs accept with equal joy
[illegible] Eneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness, and unseen,
[illegible] with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
[illegible] shrouds, art secure of fame,
[illegible] want it new glories to exalt thy name:
What Father else would have refus'd to own
[illegible] great a son as god-like Absalom?

EPITHALAMI

[illegible]

MARRIAGE of Captain WILLIAM BE[illegible]

"Ille ego qui quondam [illegible] modulatus [illegible]
"Arma virumque [illegible]

I, he, who [illegible] before,
Now [illegible] WAR

GODDESS [illegible] dit [illegible]
The Cap[illegible]
[illegible] fresh [illegible]
[illegible] those [illegible] now
[illegible] [illegible]

Though in his breaſt the Prophet's fury met,
The Father's fondneſs, and the Poet's wit.
Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raiſe:
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen,
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of fame,
Nor want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name:
What Father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as god-like Abſalom?

EPITHALAMIU

UPON THE

MARRIAGE of Captain WILLIAM BEDLOE

"Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
"Arma virumque cano."

I, he, who ſung of humble Oates before,
Now ſing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didſt inſpire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding freſh laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of victory did grow,
And ſtatelier ornaments may flouriſh now!

If thou art well recover'd ſince
"The Excommunicated Prince *;"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muſe but thee;
Hither with ſpeed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buſkins off, and, ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or leſs lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join,
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popiſh plot of Catiline.
Oh faireſt nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never ſet on)
Bluſh not on thy great lord to ſmile,
The ſecond ſaviour of our iſle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As ſtout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole romance alone.
Let conſcious Flanders ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his chivalry.

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Yet that 's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This hero thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breaſt control'd,
Or make him be a ſlave to gold;
His love 's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſs that dear face, where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſkulk within;
That face, that juſtly ſtyl'd may be
As true a diſcoverer as he.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well-known truth ſecures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.

But

But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the world and you,
He all your plots will elſe betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all deſigns, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the plotters themſelves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, ſhould creep in,
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O' th' treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on;
All virtue 's in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Chriſtmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popiſh pack comes out
To pleaſe the cits, and charm the rout:
Thou, mighty queen, ſhalt a whole ſuit command,
A crown upon thy head, and ſceptre in thy hand!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK AND THE LADY ANNE.

'TWAS Love conducted through the British main
On a more high design the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land:
And love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conquest and a richer prey.
For battles won, and countries sav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,
He meets the goddess that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what transports did his heart invade
When first he saw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise!
All that could noblest minds to love engage,
Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,

All that could ſpread abroad reſiſtleſs fire,
And eager wiſhes raiſe, and fierce deſire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty dreſt by every grace
Of ſweeteſt youth ſat ſhining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the ſpirit that aw'd the liſted field;
Created to command, untaught to yield?
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle ſway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illuſtrious princeſs, thrown
All the rich ſpoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conqueſts are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for thoſe victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, paſs not relentleſs by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth fond ſcruples move,
And bluſhes riſe but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every ſenſe
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Reſpect for valour in thy breaſt does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To ſmile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in ſuch noble ſeeds of honour ſown,
The chaſteſt virgin need not bluſh to own.

Whom would thy royal father ſooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom ſuch exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal deſires did bring,
Love to his brother, ſervice to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Reſcued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his paſſage through the ſlaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great ſire commends,
The beſt of princes, ſubjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can ſuch charms reſiſt? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, ſtill growing as her fears decay,
Conſents at laſt, and gives her heart away.

Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad ſhouts the ſtreets and palace ſound!
Illuſtrious pair! ſee what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall loſt hopes, and baniſh all their fears:
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And ſullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auſpicious flames, that here unite,
Vanquiſh the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now ſhall laviſh grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd bleſſings flow!

The ſhaken throne more ſurely fix'd ſhall ſtand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your bleſt union civil diſcords ceaſe,
Confuſion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at firſt in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moiſt with dry did fight,
Love did the warring ſeeds to union bring,
And over all things ſtretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer ſtrove,
And a world ſtarted forth, the beauteous work of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF
KING CHARLES THE SECOND,
AND THE INAGURATION OF
KING JAMES THE SECOND.

IF the indulgent Muſe (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
That ſweetens ſorrow, and makes ſadneſs pleaſe,
And heals the heart by telling its diſeaſe)
Vouchſafe her aid, we alſo will preſume
With humble verſe t' approach the ſacred tomb;
There flowing ſtreams of pious tears will ſhed,
Sweet incenſe burn, freſh flowers and odours ſpread,
Our laſt ſad offerings to the royal dead!
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bleſs!
Our ſtrength in war, and our delight in peace!

Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful ſoil
Of this rebellious, ſtubborn, murmuring iſle
Hatch'd plenty; eaſe and riches did beſtow,
And made the land with milk and honey flow!
Leſs bleſt was Rome when mild Auguſtus ſway'd,
And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his influence, and did ſhare
His boundleſs goodneſs and paternal care?
And, whilſt with all th' endearing arts he ſtrove
On every ſubject's heart to ſeal his love,
What breaſt ſo hard, what heart of human make,
But, ſoftening, did the kind impreſſion take?
Belov'd and loving! with ſuch virtues grac'd,
As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
How ſkill'd in all the myſteries of ſtate!
How fitting to ſuſtain an empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to adviſe!
How timely to prevent! how more than ſenates wiſe!
His words how charming, affable, and ſweet!
How juſt his cenſure! and how ſharp his wit!
How did his charming converſation pleaſe
The bleſt attenders on his hours of eaſe;

When graciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
Pleas'd to exalt a ſubject to a friend!
To the moſt low how eaſy of acceſs!
Willing to hear, and longing to redreſs!
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
His reign was one continued act of grace!
Good Titus could, but Charles could never ſay,
Of all his royal life, "he loſt a day."
Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
Now our eternal grief and deep deſpair!
O father! or if aught than father's more,
How ſhall thy children their ſad loſs deplore?
How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
The mournful ſtory of their ſovereign's fall?
Oh! who that ſcene of ſorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting death, the fearleſs monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguiſh that he bore,
His friends' and ſubjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that ſwell'd his royal breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Grief for himſelf! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind ſpirits and ſaints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs love!
What godlike virtues muſt that prince adorn,
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,

Could

Could ſo the love of a whole people gain,
After ſo excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this is he, by whoſe high actions grac'd
The preſent age contends with all the paſt:
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight!
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Do equal harveſts of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did aſſert the empire of the ſea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand;
So joy the many: but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view:
A joy, too great to be by voice expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:

They ſaw him deſtin'd for ſome greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial ſway!
Nor do his civil virtues leſs appear,
To perfect the illuſtrious character;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What 's well reſolv'd, as firmly he purſues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy ſorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the bleſſings does reſtore,
That Charles, the ſaint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I ſee her riſe,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the ſtage
Groan'd under perſecuting critics' rage,
But with the ſound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little ſtinging inſects ſwarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,

That

That well-affected members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poiſon half the houſe;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary ſway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of ſenſe in all your roll,
Whom ſome one woman has not made a fool.
Ev'n buſineſs, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they could manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of eaſe.
For, ſpite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs:
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot and barren ſoil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhould our wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-ſalick law;
Deſcribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

OH! whither do ye ruſh, and thus prepare
To rouze again the ſleeping war?
Has then ſo little Engliſh blood been ſpilt
On ſea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the inſolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wiſh of the inſulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands ſhould fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear ſo fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own ſavage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and ſtrong,
Or guilt, yet ſtronger, drives you on?
Anſwer; but none can anſwer; mute and pale
They ſtand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis ſo: heaven's juſtice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from earth does cry;
E'er ſince the martyr's innocent blood was ſhed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our childrens' head.

TO

TO MR. CREECH,

On his TRANSLATION of LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been madneſs thought,
Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,
That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,
This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,
The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong.
If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore;
What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you?
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſenſe does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhow;
Clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry
The bright gems that at the bottom lie;

Here

Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love:
Here we are taught how firſt our race began,
And by what ſteps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is---with knowledge fill'd
In arts of peace and war, in manners ſkill'd,
Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
Nature's firſt ſtate, which, well tranſpos'd and own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a * modern wit ſo much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was ſung a thouſand years before.
Thou only for this noble taſk wert fit,
To ſhame thy age to a juſt ſenſe of wit,
By ſhewing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits, who were for porters made;
But quit falſe claims to the poetic rage,
For ſquibs and crackers, and a Smithfield ſtage.
Had Providence e'er meant that, in deſpight
Of art and nature, ſuch dull clods ſhould write,
Bavius and Mævius had been ſav'd by Fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to tranſlate,
As it ſo many ages has for thee
Preſerv'd the mighty work that now we ſee.

* Hobbes.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis, who is ſuppoſed by the beſt critics to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue conſiſting of an Elegy, and an Apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

MOPSUS, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret ſhade,
By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands reſpect; and I obey.
Whether you in this lonely copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern winds the bending branches ſhake,
And in their play the ſhades uncertain make;
Or whether to that ſilent cave you go,
The better choice! ſee how the wild vines grow
Luxuriant round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
And in the cave their purple cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I 'll begin, and the ſad ſong repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt notes; yes, I 'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble ſhrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous bluſhes of the roſe,
Or bending oſiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this diſcourſe here put an end,
This is the cave; ſit, and my verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs diſſolv'd in pious tears.
Witneſs, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witneſs, ye floods, ſwoln with their weeping eyes.
The mournful mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold ſon embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel ſtars accus'd.
Then did no ſwain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty herds to the cold river drive;

The generous horſe turn'd from freſh ſtreams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fierceſt lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceneſs broke,
And brought them willing to the ſacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worſhip did ordain
The revels of his conſecrated train;
The reeling prieſts with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long ſpears with cluſter'd branches bound,
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, ſuch ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad fall
No more Apollo his glad preſence yields,
And Pales' ſelf forſakes her hated fields.
Oft where the fineſt barley we did ſow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where ſoft violets did the vales adorn,
The thiſtle riſes, and the prickly thorn.
Come, ſhepherds, ſtrow with flowers the hallow'd ground,
The ſacred fountains with thick boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe rites requires: to Daphnis' praiſe,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inſcription raiſe;
"Here fam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful verſe,

As

As to tir'd ſwains ſoft ſlumbers on the graſs;
As freſheſt ſprings that through green meadows paſs,
To one that 's parch'd with thirſt and ſummer's heat.
In thee thy maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Bleſt ſwain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars, with you,
Will raiſe, for Daphnis lov'd Manalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you?

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious ſhow,
Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving clouds, and the fix'd ſtars below:
Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful ſwains:
The wolf no ambuſh for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmleſs deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad mountains raiſe to heaven their voice!
Hark! the hard rocks in myſtic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous ſongs reſound,
A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!

O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd altars we deſign,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praiſe:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear:
Feaſts I 'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raiſe,
Rich Chian wines ſhall in full goblets flow,
And give a taſte of Nectar here below.
Damætas ſhall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with ſongs the rites divine.
Alphiſibæus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn rites our fields ſurvey,
Theſe honours ever ſhall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in ſtreams the fiſh, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our ſongs to thee:
Offerings to thee the ſhepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to thoſe Gods, ſhall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on thoſe by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through ſtony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this pipe ſhall take; and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame:
The ſame that taught me Melibæus' † ſheep.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this ſheephook keep,
Adorn'd with braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON THE

Copy of Verſes made by himſelf on the laſt Copy in his Book ‡.

WHEN ſhame, for all my fooliſh youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wiſe, and be no more a wit---
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal ſong:
A nobler argument at laſt thy Muſe,
Two things Divine, Thee and Herſelf, does chuſe.

* Virg. Ecl. ii. † Ecl. iii.

‡ See Waller's Poems.

Age, whoſe dull weight makes vulgar ſpirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confin'd, above the ſtarry ſkies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchſafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and compleat th' etherial choir:
Still here remain; ſtill on the threſhold ſtand;
Still at this diſtance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'ſt ſeem, ſo heavenly is thy ſenſe,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

I.

AFTER the fierceſt pangs of hot deſire,
Between Panthea's riſing breaſts
His bending breaſt Philander reſts;
Though vanquiſh'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Cloſe hugs the charmer, and aſham'd to yield,
Though he has loſt the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a ſigh, the fair Panthea ſaid,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The nobleſt warriors ſooneſt fall!
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rear'd his head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly ſhe
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III. But,

ich wondrous co[illegible]
ie dart that wounded [illegible]

S O N G.

I.

GH mournful ſhades, and [illegible]
with the ſighs of unfac[illegible]
d deſpair, young Thyrſis [illegible]
all Amyra's heavenly ch[illegible]
ow ſees her in another's a[illegible]
me willow's root himſelf [illegible]
, moſt unhappy ſwain;
the wild woods he doth [illegible]

II.

change'd, O Thyrſis, [illegible]

III.

Riches and titles! why ſhould they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?
Lovely Amyra, ſhouldſt thou prize
The empty noiſe that a fine title makes;
Or the vile traſh that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor ſwain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the ſlain.

A SONG.

I.

SEE what a conqueſt love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous ſhade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in deſire,
Quenching in tears thoſe flowing eyes
That ſet the world on fire!

II.

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe cryſtal ſtreams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brighteſt rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

So when the heavens ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,

Each

Each craggy rock, and every ſtone,
Their native rigour keep;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardeſt marble weeps.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

"SIMON'S Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament."

WHAT ſenſeleſs loads have over-charg'd the preſs,
Of French impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs!
How many dull tranſlators every day
Bring new ſupplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French penſioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonſenſe to invade,
Till we 're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauſeous wit, than with her Proteſtants.
But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their traſh hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſolid judgement fraught;
No leſs a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred oracles may well endure
Th' exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;

Though

Though at this piece ſome noiſy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With ſtretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

On his "TROILUS and CRESSIDA," 1679.

AND will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtic Muſe, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any luſtre to ſo bright a fame?
No! ſooner planets to the ſun may give
That light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
The meaneſt wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praiſes to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my loyal zeal,

May

May tell with what majeſtic grace and mien
Your Muſe diſplays herſelf in every ſcene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair Creſſid dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breaſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their ſparkling luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh beauties on them ſhed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cauſe!
How juſtly rais'd! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!
Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the ſtage.
Shakeſpeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy firſt told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
But you did firſt the chearful light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the workmanſhip divine.
Boaſt then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had Ilium ſtood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the ſweet Mantuan ſwan his wings diſplay'd,

Nor

Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchleſs ſkill in this great ſubject ſhown.
Not Priam's ſelf, nor all the Trojan ſtate,
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh, by you mighty three,
In verſe more laſting than their walls could be:
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being ſung by you,
Old Troy ſhall grow leſs famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having ſailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's huſband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his gueſt to the care of his wife. In his abſence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epiſtle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris ſends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a paſſion that itſelf has ſhown?

Does

Does not my love itſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
Till Time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itſelf by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,
I love; you 've there the word that does impart
The trueſt meſſage from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair phyſician, my diſeaſe,
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant paper grace
As beſt become the beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe lines ſhall find
An entertainment at your hands ſo kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the powers divine,
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:

Venus

Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as herſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithleſs ſea.
She, with a kind and an auſpicious gale,
Drove the good ſhip, and ſtretch'd out every ſail:
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it! and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry ſeas,
So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour and deſir'd repoſe!
Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:
For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy coaſt.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like ſordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wiſh, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object ſaw.
Nor wonder that, with the ſwift-winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:

So

So Fate ordain'd; and left you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate.
Now in my mother's womb ſhut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When ſhe in a myſterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted ſhe riſes, and her viſion ſhe
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They ſing that I all Troy ſhould ſet on fire:
But ſure Fate meant the flames of my deſire.
For fear of this, among the ſwains expos'd,
My native greatneſs every thing diſclos'd.
Beauty, and ſtrength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all diſguiſe, ſpoke me a monarch's ſon.
A place there is in Ida's thickeſt grove,
With oaks and fir-trees ſhaded all above,
The graſs here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
Leaning againſt an aged oak, I ſpy'd.
When ſtraight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the ſtrange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
In the ſame inſtant Jove's great meſſenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did ſtand,
His golden rod ſhone in his ſacred hand:
With him three charming goddeſſes there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unuſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my ſinking courage rais'd;

" Fear

" Fear not; thou art Jove's ſubſtitute below,
" The prize of heavenly beauty to beſtow;
" Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,
" Decide their ſtrife." He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes ſurvey:
Each of them merited the victory,
And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd:
Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could move
Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War;
But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake;
" They 're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
" I 'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,
" And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
" For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
" Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
She ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.
Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new feſtival, my change of fate.

An

ıd as I now languiſh and die for thee,
did the beauties of all Troy for me.
u o'er a heart with ſovereign power do reign;
r which a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
r did queens only fly to my embrace,
t nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
ll their loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
ce hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
ur charming form all day my fancy drew,
d when night came, my dreams were all of you.
ıat pleaſures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
ıoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpriz'd my heart!
d oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
at was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!
'or now no longer could my hopes refrain
ım ſeeking their wiſh'd object through the main.
ell the ſtately pine, and every tree
at beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea,
ch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
d Ida naked to the winds I leave,
F oaks I bend, and ſolid planks I form,
d every ſhip with well-knit ribs I arm.
the tall maſt I ſails and ſtreamers join,
ıd the gay poops with painted gods do ſhine.
t on my ſhip does only Venus ſtand
ith little Cupid ſmiling in her hand,
ıide of the way ſhe did herſelf command.
y fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
ong to plow the vaſt Ægéan ſea;

My anxious parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command.
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty ſhips to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
" O whither ſteers my brother through the flood?
" Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed
" To what a raging fire theſe waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and, favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt ſhore my wiſh'd-for haven find;
Your huſband then, ſo heaven, kind heaven ordains,
In his own houſe his rival entertains,
Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveler's enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhew.
But at thy ſight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or leſs charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But, faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Ev'n ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world ſounds with fair Helen's name:
Nor lives there ſhe whom pride itſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe.

Do I ſpeak falſe? Rather Report does ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,
Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,
Would firſt, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin ſweets, feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;
Or if you would not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Sceptres and crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgement 's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.

Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line diſgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of god-like kings ſucceed.
All Aſia's ſceptres to my father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his power allow.
There you ſhall ſee the houſes roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vaſt flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almoſt ſwell?
You ſhall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives ſhining in every ſtreet.
How often then will you yourſelf confeſs
The emptineſs and poverty of Greece!
How often will you ſay, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I ſpeak not this, your Sparta to diſgrace,
For whereſoe'er your life began its race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that ſhould be dreſt
In all the riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with coſtly dreſs and rich attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing world admire.

When

I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your ſoft boſom lie.
I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again, to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What ſhall I do? Your ſports with grief I ſee,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd,
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,

Breaſts white as ſnow, or the falſe down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:
Whilſt, with the ſight ſurpriz'd, I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, love ſongs I ſing,
And wafted kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetorick of love;
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done:
But now I 've nothing left to do but pray,
And myſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy houſe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two ſhining brothers' friendly ſtar!
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched baniſh'd lover die.
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;
I find my ſiſter true did propheſy,
I with a heavenly dart ſhould wounded die;
Deſpiſe not then a love by heaven deſign'd,
So may the gods ſtill to your vows be kind!

Much I could ſay; but what, will beſt be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.
You bluſh, and, with a ſuperſtitious dread,
Fear to defile the ſacred marriage bed:
Ah! Helen, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch beauty can from faults be free?
Or change that face, or you muſt needs be kind;
Beauty and Virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
Such thefts as theſe gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents laſt,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaſte?
Yet then be chaſte when we to Troy ſhall go
(For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo).
But let us now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own huſband doth the ſame perſuade,
Silent himſelf, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead, and he, good man! becauſe
He 'll ſpoil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other time to viſit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a huſband's wit!
He went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
"Inſtead of me, you of your gueſt take care!"
But you forget your lord's command, I ſee,
Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he does know
The treaſure that he holds in holding you?
No; did he underſtand but half your charms,
He durſt not truſt them in a ſtranger's arms.

If neither his nor my requeſt can move,
We 're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We ſhould be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should ſo ſecure a time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine,
Then will I ſwear by all the powers above,
And in their awful preſence ſeal my love.
Then, if my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
I with our flight ſhall win you to comply;
But, if nice honour little ſcruples frame,
The force I 'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
Of Theſeus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents ſo nearly you concern:
You Theſeus, they Leucippus' daughter ſtole;
I 'll be the fourth in the illuſtrious roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does ſtay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new goddeſs here below.
Where'er you tread, ſpices and gums ſhall ſmoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with preſents ſhall reſort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid;
What there you 'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, left war purſue our haſty flight,
And angry Greece ſhould all her force unite.

What

What raviſh'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orithya ſtole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noiſe of following war.
Jaſon too ſtole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Theſſaly invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threaten'd war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial ſkill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that heaven has for your bed deſign'd.

Either

Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or, if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in Troy ſhall find.

THE EPISTLE OF ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the faireſt apple that could be procured, a couple of verſes to this effect:

" I ſwear, by chaſte Diana, I will be
" In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; ſhe, ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of Diana of Delos, ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerved: but her father, not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be performed, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from Diana, as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the arguments which on ſuch occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that 's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame:
Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine 's a huſband's love.

Ah!

Ah! to yourſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught perſwade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine:
Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid;
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,

Again

Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love 's my crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger 's ſmall.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.
If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I 'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too---but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.

Were you leſs fair, I'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous as itſelf inſpires;
Thoſe eyes that all the heavenly lights out-ſhine,
(Which, oh! may'ſt thou behold and love in mine!)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all,
That modeſt ſweetneſs and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face,

Thoſe

Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bear:
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight:
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt:
No wonder then if, with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge defir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I 'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I 'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I 'd gladly ſuffer there:
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to give.
Your fetters too----but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardeſt laws with patience I 'll obey,
Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may

O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt:—'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſuage:
Forbear to make that lovely charming face
The prey to every envious diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
Let that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
Whoſe glowing flame did all beholders burn:
But let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
No greater torments light than thoſe I feel,
When you, my deareſt, tendereſt part, are ill.
For, Oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
Whom different griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you.
Then, great Diana 's witneſs, how I pray
That all our crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay!
Sometimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around them up and down I roam;

Till

[your woman coming from you ſpy,
looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
up to her, and urge her to reveal
than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
oft the vain phyſician's art accus'd.
'ery hour (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
all the turns of your diſtemper ſee.
ſit not I by your bed-ſide all day,
nournful head in your warm boſom lay,
with my tears the inward fires decay?
preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
from your pulſe of my own health divine?
oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
n moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
:tful as thou art of heaven and me.
at lov'd hand doth preſs, and oft doth feign
new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
his bold hand up to your arm doth ſlide,
in your panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
; ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
is officious care too great a fee.
er, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
ney are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
:h, falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
, take away thoſe thy adulterous hands,
now, another lord that breaſt commands.

'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
But heaven and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me:
And you in juſtice therefore ſhould decline,
Your claim to that which is already mine.
This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.
Command him then not to approach thy door;
This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
Which great Diana heard, and did allow.
And ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before.
" 'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood
" That can allay the anger of a God:
" 'Tis truth, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
" Their angry deities; and without theſe
" No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert,
" For that's a ſacrifice without a heart."
Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their cure:
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ignorance of your promiſe keep?
Oh! to your mother all our ſtory tell,
And the whole progreſs of our love reveal:
Tell her how firſt, at great Diana's ſhrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the ſtatues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.

She

She will herſelf, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe'll ſay, whom heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what deſcent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chuſe;
But, were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe,
This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
And when I wak'd, ſent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee,
Then to our joys with eager haſte we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we 'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I 'll conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verſe that came
The meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame.
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And wracks thy tender limbs with ſharpeſt pains,
My pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this ſatire firſt brings in Criſpinus, whom he had a laſh at in his firſt ſatire, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous prodigality and luxury; in giving the price of an eſtate for a barbel: and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal ſubject and true deſign of this ſatire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous ſtory of a turbot preſented to Domitian, of ſo vaſt a bigneſs, that all the Emperor's ſcullery had not a diſh large enough to hold it: Upon which the ſenate in all haſte is ſummoned, to conſult in this exigency, what is fitteſt to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the ſenators' names, their diſtinct characters, and ſpeeches, and advice; and, after much and wiſe conſultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he diſmiſſes the ſenate, and concludes the ſatire.

ONCE more Criſpinus call'd upon the ſtage
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my rage:
A monſter, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and ſick, yet ſtrong in luſt alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauſeous charms go down.

What

What matter then how ſtately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules ſlow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the ſhade
Through which he is by ſweating ſlaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls,
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt chaſtity;
Th' inceſtuous brute, who the veil'd veſtal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for her crime, if laws their courſe might have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the grave *.
But now of ſlighter faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the cenſor's juſtice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and baſe,
Is virtue here, and does Criſpinus grace:
On this he 's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The perſon is more odious than the crime.
And ſo all ſatire 's loſt. The laviſh ſlave
Six thouſand pieces † for a barbel gave:
A ſeſterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out; that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs uſurer that wants an heir,
Or if this preſent the ſly courtier meant
Should to ſome punk of quality be ſent,

* Criſpinus had ſeduced a veſtal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, ſhould have been buried alive.

† Roman Seſtertii.

That in her eaſy chair in ſtate does ride,
The glaſſes all drawn up on every ſide,
I 'd praiſe his cunning; but expect not this.
For his own gut he bought the ſtately fiſh.
Now even Apicius * frugal ſeems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Criſpinus, you this mighty ſum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do ſcales and fins bear price to this exceſs?
You might have bought the fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome provinces whole acres ſell;
Nay, in Apulia †, if you bargain well,
A manor would coſt leſs than ſuch a meal.
What think we then of this luxurious lord ‡?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one diſh, that, taken from the reſt,
His conſtant table would have hardly miſs'd,
So many feſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one ſcarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking fiſh about her ſtreets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt truth we for our ſubject bring.

* Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's "Art of Cookery."

† Where land was remarkably cheap.

‡ Domitian.

Help

Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your ſacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtyl'd
you maids.
When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd *,
The groaning world with iron ſceptre ſway'd,
When a bald Nero † reign'd, and ſervile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus' ſhrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious ſpace,
Fill'd the extended net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull Mæotis does with ice incloſe;
Till, conquer'd by the ſun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unweildy with their growth,
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole winter's ſloth:
The wiſe commander of the boat and lines,
For our high-prieſt ‡ the ſtately prey deſigns;
For who that lordly fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many ſpies and court-informers nigh?
No ſhore but of this vermin ſwarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and ſea-weed! that would ſwear
The fiſh had long in Cæſar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;

* Domitian was the laſt and worſt of that family.

† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a ſecond Nero; and, from his baldneſs, Calvus.

‡ A title often aſſumed by the Emperors.

So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd:
Nay, if you credit ſage Palphurius' * word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus',* ſkill,
Whatever fiſh the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæſar, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own worth confiſcated to him.
The boatman then ſhall a wiſe preſent make,
And give the fiſh before the ſeizers take.
Now fickly Autumn to dry froſts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the prey;
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſy fiſhes flew,
As if a hot ſouth-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba ſtill her ancient rites retains,
Still worſhips Veſta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.
The wondering crowd, that to ſtrange ſights reſort,
And choak'd a while his paſſage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the Fathers † wait;
The boatman ſtraight does to Atrides preſs,
And thus preſents his fiſh, and his addreſs:
Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
To great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius ſacrifice this day,
Let common meats reſpectfully give way.

* Both of conſular degree, yet ſpies and informers.
† The Senate, or *Patres Conſcripti.*

Haſte

Haſte to unload your ſtomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preſerv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud.
How fulſome this! how groſs! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty pride does ſwell.
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthleſs wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.
But oh, hard fate! the palace ſtores no diſh
Afford, capacious of the mighty fiſh.
To ſage debate are ſummon'd all the peers,
His truſty and much-hated counſellors,
In whoſe pale looks that ghaſtly terror ſat,
That haunts the dangerous friendſhips of the great.
The loud Liburnian *, that the ſenate call'd,
"Run, run; he 's ſet, he 's ſet!" no ſooner bawl'd,
But, with his robe ſnatcht up in haſte, does come
Pegaſus†, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
What more were præfects then? The beſt he was,
And faithfulleſt expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd beſt,
When Juſtice exercis'd her ſword the leaſt.
Old Criſpus ‡ next, pleaſant though old, appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.

* The Roman criers were uſually of this country.
† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.
‡ Who made the jeſt on Domitian's killing flies.

His

His temper mild, good-nature join'd with ſenſe,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a uſeful friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the earth and ſea,
If, as his thoughts were juſt, his tongue were free?
If it were ſafe to vent his generous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
If cruel Power could ſoftening counſel bear.
But what 's ſo tender as a tyrant's ear;
With whom whoever, though a favourite, ſpake,
At every ſentence ſet his life at ſtake,
Though the diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry ſummers, or unhealthful ſprings?
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to ſtem the ſtronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown ſpiritleſs, ſupply
A man that for bold truth durſt bravely die.
So, ſafe by wiſe complying ſilence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourſcore ſummers ſee.
Next him Acilius, though his age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long ſince old age began to be
In noble blood no leſs than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I 'd rather be of giants' birth *,
A pigmy brother to thoſe ſons of earth.)

* Of an obſcure and unknown family.

Unhappy youth! whom from his deſtin'd end,
No well-diſſembled madneſs could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting ſpear.
Who ſees not now through the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd fool, to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That ſtale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd*?
Thoſe honeſt times might ſwallow this pretence,
When the King's beard was deeper than his ſenſe.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward ſhame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in ſcandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathick † that durſt ſatire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating ſenator, did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and Eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus ‡, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vulturs was reſerv'd a prey,

* In counterfeiting madneſs.

† Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

‡ Cornelius Fuſcus, who was ſlain in Dacia.

Till

Till, having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee:
A monſter, that ev'n this worſt age out-vies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatterer, from ſome bridge or gate *,
Rais'd to a murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe:
But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amaz'd:
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys tha. flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento ſhort; but, as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord ſhall own;
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!

* The common ſtands for beggars.

The

The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.

At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion 's put:
My lords, your judgement; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let's not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Prometheus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.

This counſel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He whether Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight could tell
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell.

They riſe; and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word given, obſequiouſly withdraw,

Whom,

Whom, full of eager haſte, ſurprize, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But, oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt;
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd;
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain they ſlew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence theſe ſorrows grow?
From what hid ſpring do theſe ſalt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted ſwain;
Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already ſee,
Can move thy gentle breaſt to pity me;
How would thy ſighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears ſwell up the tide of mine?
Couldſt thou but ſee (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackeſt clouds of darkneſs and deſpair!)

Couldſ

Couldſt thou but ſee the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid ſcene!
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That ſticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye ſwains, Love's harmleſs anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, aſk me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs deſpairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN firſt the young Alexis ſaw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whoſe face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every ſwain he ſaw ſubmit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aſpire
To periſh by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verſe he ſtrove
The lovely ſhepherdeſs to move:
Verſe, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verſe, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verſe, the wiſhes of a ſwain.

How

How oft has Thyrſis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilſt Lycidas 's gentle breaſt,
With Love, and with a Muſe poſſeſt,
Breath'd forth in verſe his ſoft deſire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA'S SOLILOQUY

MISTRESS of all my ſenſes can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thouſand ſlaves that fawn and bow,
And, with ſubmiſſive fear, my power allow,
Shoul I exchange this noble ſtate of life
To gain the vile deteſted name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footſtool lay?
No: thanks, kind heaven, that haſt my ſoul employ
With my great ſex's uſeful virtue, Pride.
That generous pride, that noble juſt diſdain,
That ſcorns the ſlave that would preſume to reign.
Let the raw amorous ſcribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in inſipid rhymes;
I hate and ſcorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my ſex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

T

TO SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

Upon the late Vote of the Houſe of Commons.

HAVE we for this ſerv'd full nine hard campaigns?
Is this the recompence for all our pains?
Have we to the remoteſt parts been ſent,
Bravely expos'd our lives, and fortunes ſpent,
To be undone at laſt by Parliament?
Muſt colonels and corporals now be equal made,
And flaming ſword turn'd pruning knife and ſpade?
T---b, S---, F---, and thouſands more,
Muſt now return to what they were before.
No more in glittering coaches ſhall they ride,
No more the feathers ſhew the coxcombs' pride.
For thee, poor ——! my Muſe does kindly weep,
To ſee diſbanded colonels grown ſo cheap.
So younger brothers with fat jointures fed,
Go deſpicable, once their widows dead.
No ſhip, by tempeſt from her anchor torn,
Is half ſo loſt a thing, and ſo forlorn.
On every ſtall, in every broker's ſhop,
Hang up the plumes of the diſmantled fop;
Trophies like theſe we read not of in ſtory,
By other ways the Romans got their glory.
But in this, as in all things, there 's a doom,
Some die i' th' field, and others ſtarve at home.

EPISTLE

TO

R. OTWAY.

Tom, how melancholy I am grown
You haſt left this learned dirty town †,
Is dull letter be it known.
comfort, under all this care,
d puns, and logic, and ſmall beer.
n dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
ne that Settle ever writ:
Court that wander up and down
s to a race, from town to town,
d; but them I well can ſpare,
have no buſineſs there.
atever there I knew,
ing tye with ribbon blue:
wear, a fine gilt thing,
ang dangling by a ſtring;
t I to mind recal,
as rais'd by Windſor wall).
court; nay more,
favourite before.

† In Otway's Poems, page 59.
born at Cambridge.
Land. DUKE.

Should Veny fawn, I ſhould not underſtand her,
Nor who committed inceſt for Legander.
Unpoliſh'd thus, an arrant ſcholar grown,
What ſhould I do but ſit and coo alone,
And thee, my abſent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis ſometimes, and ſorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilſt with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does ſhine,
Thy joys we at this diſtance feel and know;
Thou kindly wiſheſt it with us were ſo.
Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, For him,
Leap up, thou ſparkling wine, and kiſs the brim:
Croſſes attend the man who dares to ſlinch,
Great as that man deſerves who drinks not Finch.
But theſe are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cheriſh in my breaſt
Than by thy own ſoft Muſe can be expreſt;
True to thy word, afford one viſit more,
Elſe I ſhall grow, from him thou lov'dſt before,
A greaſy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a couſin of your own;)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM noſtrûmque decus, chariſſime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accipe quæ ſacri triſtes ad littora Cami
Avulſi veſtro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Salices teſtes, & plurima teſtis arundo,
Camus pigro triſtior amne fluens.
Ipſe etenim Deus, & miſerata dolores
Unica pauliſper conſtitit unda meos.
Vos nymphæ viridi circumlita muſco
Quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Cum abſentem ploramus amicum,
Crymis auctior amnis eat.
Ne nives, conſtantibus arcti
Certâ fata vel ipſa fide;
Bas, ille & Marte leones
Genioque Deas,
Charites, & libera vini
Â matre ſonandus Amor.
Nos æquare canendo
Catulle, tuos.
Ar fræna theatri,
Superba pede,
Lycophrontæaſve tenebras,
Æſchyle magne, tui,
Aeſtate de corâ,
Agere docta manus,

Hæc

Hæc ego, cum ſpectans labentia flumina, verſus
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

" Who for Preferments," &c. [ſee p. 59, l. 20.]

" Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet ab Aulâ,
Omnis ubi exiguam captat ſimul Aulicus eſcam
Gobio? quis piſcis ſapientior illa vadoſa
Fulminis anguſti coleret loca, piſciculorum
Eſurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
Qui dum quiſque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offa
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quà flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, & muſcos virides, pulchramque vocatur
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali perſolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque ſolicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula doloſa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, & ſtrepitu, fumoque remotos,
Cum Venere & Muſis myrtea ſcena tegat!
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus veſtris hærere medullis,
Ergone ſincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu noſtris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu ſcribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noſter, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus,

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E M S

Y THE

F DORSET.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF DORSET.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS

Incomparable, Incomprehenſible POEM, called The BRITISH PRINCESS.

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'T will do as well; throw not away your jeſts
On ſolid nonſenſe that abides all teſts.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no uſe at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou haſt a brain, ſuch as it is indeed;
On what elſe ſhould thy worm of fancy feed?

Yet

For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the ſlabberings of thy ſnotty wit:
And though 'tis late, if juſtice could be found,
Thy plays like blind-born puppies ſhould be drown'd.
For were it not that we reſpect afford
Unto the ſon of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-ſtool ſhould take her ſeat,
Dreſt like herſelf in a great chair of ſtate;
Where like a Muſe of quality ſhe'd die,
And thou thyſelf ſhalt make her elegy,
In the ſame ſtrain thou writ'ſt thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERF,

ON THE

Printing his Play called "TARUGO'S WILES," 1668.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
T' oblige and ſerve his friends a nobler way;
Make all our old men wits, ſtateſmen, the young;
And teach ev'n Engliſhmen the Engliſh tongue.
James, on whoſe reign all peaceful ſtars did ſmile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our iſle.
What kings, and Nature, only could deſign,
Shall be accompliſh'd by this work of thine.

For,

lay?

lect

at;

ir powers
rs.

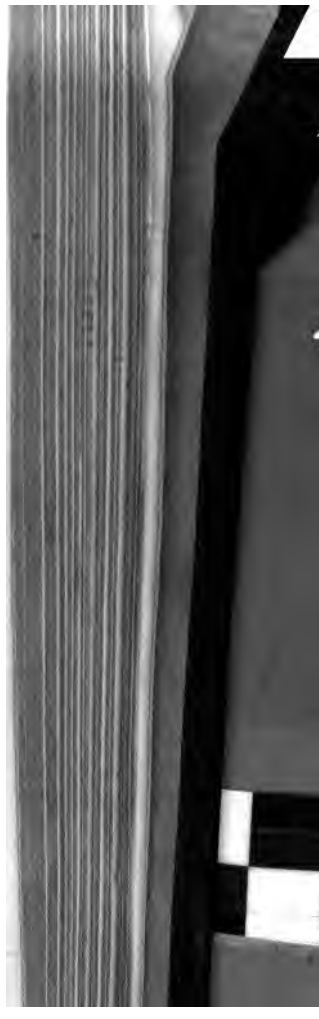
RTUFFE,

E N E.

f wit,

d rage,
ſtage.
then,
eſt men:

But,



But ſure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur Ananias:
A man may ſay, without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papiſt,
That fix ſalvation to ſhort band and hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a prayer;
That uſe "enjoy the Creature," to expreſs
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenneſs;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.
Whoſe fleſhly failings are but fornication,
We godly phraſe it "goſpel-propagation,"
Juſt as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal ſtands but ſentry at the gate of ſin,
Whilſt all that have the word paſs freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of ſpies,
We march, and take Damnation by ſurprize.
There 's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go ſo far tow'rds hell for half a crown
As I for ſix-pence, for I know the way;
For want of guides, men are too apt to ſtray:
Therefore give ear to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let every marry'd man that 's grave and wiſe
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increaſe his family;
Who ſhall ſo ſettle laſting reformation,
Firſt get his ſon, then give him education.

EPI-

Here's Mr. Matthew, our domeſtic wit *,
Does promiſe one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But ſince great bribes weigh nothing with the juſt,
Know, we have merits, and to them we truſt.
When any faſts, or holidays, defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the ſuburb air;
But with our authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up quarrels between ſenſe and rhyme.
Wedneſdays and Fridays conſtantly we ſate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverſe weighty reaſons 't was thought fit,
Unruly ſenſe ſhould ſtill to rhyme ſubmit:
This, the moſt wholſome law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break——

[Enter JONSON's Ghoſt.]

Hold, and give way, for I myſelf will ſpeak;
Can you encourage ſo much inſolence,
And add new faults ſtill to the great offence,
Your anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit,
Againſt the mighty powers of art and wit?
When they condemn'd thoſe noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt-lov'd Catiline.
Repent, or on your guilty heads ſhall fall
The curſe of many a rhyming paſtoral.
The three bold Beauchamps ſhall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.

* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

All the dull follies of the former age,
Shall find applauſe on this corrupted ſtage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all paſt crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

SONG.

Written at Sea, in the firſt Dutch War, 1665, the Night before an Engagement.

I.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men, at ſea, indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ſhips at ſea,
With a fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each poſt,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ſhips are loſt,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we 'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a-day,
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold;
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall ſtairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory;
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Gorce:
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

VII.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at ſerious ombre play;
But, why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps, permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

X.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe,
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let 's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

On the Counteſs of DORCHEST Miſtreſs to King JAMES the Second, 1(

I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch embroidery, fringe, and lac
Can any dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canſt thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I ſeen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
As wiſe philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

ON THE SAME.

I.

PROUD with the ſpoils of royal cully,
With falſe pretence to wit and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though ſhe appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her;
She ne'er can win a breaſt like mine;
The devil and Sir David * take her.

KNOTTING.

AT noon, in a ſunſhiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a ſhade:

Each ſlender finger play'd its part,
With ſuch activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her favourite ſwain, by chance, came by,
He ſaw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the baſhful boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted ball:
But ſtraight gave Strephon ſuch a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much truth and modeſty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy ſmooth cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er.
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such virtue ſhall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I 'll truſt you with my flocks, not me,
Purſue thy grazing trade;

Go, milk thy goats, and ſhear thy ſheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me miſtaken maid.

THE

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET,

A Satire on a Lady of Ireland *.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree,
To give me back my liberty;
In ſpite of you, I muſt regain
My loſs of time, and break your chain.
You were miſtaken, if you thought
I was ſo groſsly to be caught;
Or that I was ſo blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Deſign'd alone your ſex's tool;
Nay, you might think ſo mad a thing,
That, with a little faſhioning,
I might in time, for your dear ſake,
That monſter call'd a huſband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found,
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove,
An antidote to baniſh love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diſeas'd, miſ-ſhapen ſcold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a ſpendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with ſoft, aſking, giving eyes,

* Suppoſed to be of the name of Clanbrazil.

And

And thouſand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might ſuch wondrous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all our ſex,
Did ſhe not ſo unwiſely ſet,
For every fluttering fool her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praiſe,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never ſtays till we begin,
But beckons us herſelf to ſin.
Ere we can aſk, ſhe cries conſent,
So quick her yielding looks are ſent,
They hope foreſtal, and ev'n deſire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we ſhould do;
Deſire 's aſleep, and cannot wake,
When women ſuch advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis waſtes,
Since each muſt ſurfeit ere he taſtes.
Nothing eſcapes her wandering eyes,
No one ſhe thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch *, the lag of human kind,
Neareſt to brutes by God deſign'd,
May boaſt the ſmiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The ſigns hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch ſcarce more infeſt the land,
Though Egypt's locuſts they outvie,
In number and voracity.

* A notorious debauchee.

Whores

Whores are not half ſo plenty found,
In play-houſe, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-Walks, or Whetſtone's Park;
Careſſes leſs abound in Spark *.
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-houſe, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain ſhe throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms ſo much
That fearleſs all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades,
With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earlieſt charms did know:
There firſt her tyrant beauties reign'd;
Where'er ſhe look'd, ſhe conqueſt gain'd.
No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues in ſhoals before her fell;
And trotting bogs was all the art,
The ſound had left to ſave his heart.
She kill'd ſo faſt, by my ſalvation,
She near diſpeopled half the nation:
Though ſhe, good ſoul, to ſave took care
All, all ſhe could from ſad deſpair.
From thence ſhe hither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love:

* Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtezan.

But

But, ah! it was too late to try,
For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
Yet though her eyes ſuch conqueſts made,
That they were ſhunn'd, or elſe obey'd,
Yet now her charms are ſo decay'd,
She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
To praiſe her face, and wear her chain.
So ſome old ſoldier, who had done
Wonders in youth, and battles won,
When feeble years his ſtrength depoſe,
That he too weak to vanquiſh grows,
With mangled face and wooden leg,
Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
O'erjoy'd, a thouſand thanks beſtows
On him who but a farthing throws.

SONG

To CHLORIS, from the "BLIND ARCHER"

I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to diſarm your bright eyes
And lay by thoſe terrible glances;
We live in an age that 's more civil and wiſe
Than to follow the rules of romances.

IV.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They 'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard taſk to hold out;
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

SON

SONG.

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled too long,
With Phyllis and Chloris in every ſong,
By fools, who at once can both love and deſpair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which juſtly provokes me in rhyme to expreſs
The truth that I know of bonny Black Beſs.

II.

This Beſs of my heart, this Beſs of my ſoul,
Has a ſkin white as milk, and hair black as a coal;
She 's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her waiſt,
But her round ſwelling thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt:
But I know what I think, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

The plowman and 'ſquire, the arranter clown,
At home ſhe ſubdued in her paragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns both the boxes and pit,
And the proudeſt town gallants are forc'd to ſubmit;
All hearts fall a-leaping wherever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For ſhe'd out-ſhine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:
If a lord ſhould but whiſper his love in the crowd,
She 'd ſell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:

Then the Queen, over-hearing what Betty did ſay,
Would ſend Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to thoſe that have had my dear Beſs in their arms
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſp, and to trip in her pace;
And with head on one ſide, and a languiſhing eye,
To kill us by looking as if ſhe would die.

SONG.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Succeſs in crowds and noiſe,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys!

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think them wiſe,
While I lie dying at her feet,
And all the world deſpiſe.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raiſe,
And melt in Court delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

A FRENCH

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

IN gray-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, If I have any charms,
My deareſt, let 's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear!
Hark! how the drums do rattle!
Alas, Sir! what ſhould you do here
In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange ſtay and fight,
For danger 's his diverſion;
The wife will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your perſon:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe who pen your ſtory.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly:
Put ſix good horſes to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Bouflers, to ſecure your fame,
Go take ſome town or buy it;
Whilſt you, great Sir, at Nôtredame,
Te Deum ſing in quiet.

SONG.

PHYLLIS, the faireſt of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her legs ſo cloſe,
Till they had ſcarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did ſad complaints begin;
Which ſurly Strephon hearing, ſaid,
It was both ſhame and ſin,
To pity ſuch a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor ſpin.

SONG.

DORINDA's ſparkling wit and eyes,
United, caſt too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the ſight.

Love

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we all allow you wit,
We can't a handſome face.

Then where 's the pleaſure, where 's the good,
Of ſpending time and coſt?
For if your wit ben't underſtood,
Your keeper's bliſs is loſt.

SONG.

I.

PHYLLIS, for ſhame let us improve
A thouſand different ways,
Thoſe few ſhort moments ſnatch'd by love,
From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to deſpiſe
The cenſure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a ſlave.

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er ſubmit,
To let that fop, Diſcretion, ride
In triumph over it.

IV.

Falſe friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counſel me
Fame and Ambition to purſue,
And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the leaſt regard I ſhew
To fools who thus adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe!

SONG.

I.

CORYDON beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus addreſs'd the charming maid.

II.

O! my Sachariſſa, tell
How could Nature take delight,
That a heart ſo hard ſhould dwell
In a frame ſo ſoft and white.

III.

l you feel but half the anguiſh,
lf the tortures that I bear,
for you I daily languiſh,
u'd be kind as you are fair.

IV.

he fire that in me reigns,
behold a burning man;
k I feel my dying pains,
ıd be cruel if you can.

V.

ı her conqueſt pleas'd, the dame
y'd, with an inſulting look,
I fain would quench your flame;
e ſpoke, and pointed to the brook.

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POEMS

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

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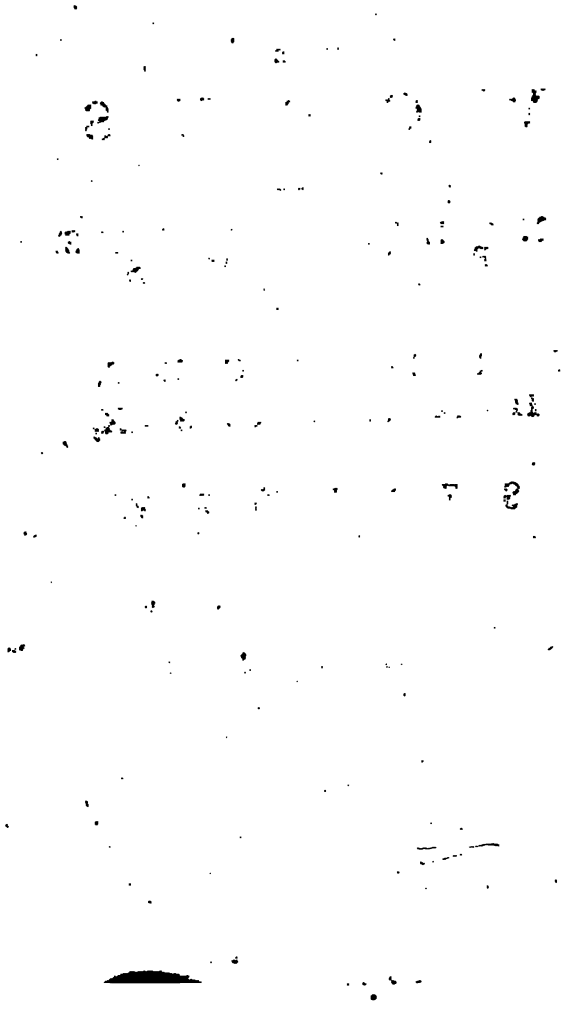


THE

POEMS

OF

HALIFAX,

STEPNEY,

AND

WALSH.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF

His Moſt Sacred Majeſty King CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving power, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit.
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed,
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men, that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heaven's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did——his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.

A mighr

a mighty ſcries of new time began,
and rolling years in joyful circles ran.
hen wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the port,
o mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
hen learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
nd the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
hen did our flying towers improvement know,
/ho now command as far as winds can blow;
/ith canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
nd, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy;
o every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
ll us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
om whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
eir riches here in floating caſtles ride.
e reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
eir fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
re in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
ee from the heat which does their luſtre give.
Perſian ſilks, eat Eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
m burning fluxes, and their calenture:
der our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
e ſee all Europe toaſt, hear tempeſts roar:
pine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
hile Charles their hoſt, like Jove from Ida, aw'd;
from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
r towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
r when bold Faction goodneſs could diſdain,
willingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:
the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
t could with thunder harden'd rebels break.

Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele conſume.
As the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noiſy forces to the war:
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
His hidden ſtrenth out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
Shewing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd preſume,
He ſhew'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
For goodneſs in exceſs may be a ſin,
Juſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
And teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
To bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
By eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force;
Relieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;

More noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make war ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
The vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
Won enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
They brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods: while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
May boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind;
The god-like image, on our clay impreſt,
The darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
In Charles ſo good a man and king, we ſee
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames the ſupport and glory of our iſle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
Though no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Leſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t'enrich the ſhores.

Mild

Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The plowman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the widening ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

ODE on the Marriage of the Princeſs ANNE and Prince GEORGE of DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black deſigns (that direful work of Fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;

And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous fight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their chearful garb t' have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black force aſſociate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raiſe.)

A thoughtful

A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clo
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears
And all her various robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conquering ſun's triu
It mortals drooping ſpirits chears;
Freſh joy, new light, each viſage
Again the ſeaman truſts the main,
The jocund ſwains their coverts leave
Again, in pleaſant warbling notes,
The chearful poets of the wood ext
throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muſe, raiſe with th
And with thy lays make fields and w
For lo! the heavenly pledge appea
And in bright characters the promiſe
The factious deluge ſhall prevail no
In vain they foam, in vain they ra
Buffet in vain the unmov'd ſhore,
Her charms, and Charles's power, thei
See! ſee! how decently the baſhful
Does bear her conqueſt; with how li
She views that prince, the captive of
Who made the North with fear to
And did that powerful empire ſha
Before whoſe arms, when great Guſt
The frighted Roman Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his deſire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himſelf for pity prays,
His love in timorous ſighs he breathes,
While all his ſpoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquiſh'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that ſubmiſſion you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunſden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with ſucceſs,
Too daringly upon the foe did preſs,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your ſingle arm ſupport the throne:
Your gen'rous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their ſcatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Though their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew;
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you 're forc'd to preſs your way,
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old ones pray.

And

And with this beauteous lady you may gain
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

Occaſioned by a Poſtſcript of Penn's Letter.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Though all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells advice,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;

" Great

" Great Sir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
" Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
" Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
" Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
" Permit us then ill-fortune to accuſe,
" That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
" And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.
" Our lives and fortunes freely we 'll expoſe,
" Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe;
" Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
" That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
" Enobles the rude paſſions of our frame
" With thirſt of glory, and deſire of fame;
" The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
" That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
" Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous force,
" Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
" And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
" Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
" 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
" To take the caſket when the jewel 's gone;
" Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
" And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
" What confidence can you in them repoſe,
" Who, ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
" Who once enſlave their conſcience to their luſt,
" Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt.
" Of honour, men at firſt like women nice,
" Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;

" Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
" And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
" But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
" That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
" They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
" Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
" True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
" Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
" And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
" Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
" Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
" Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign."

Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the Phoſph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:

So great their fame, ſo numerous their train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and ſurpaſſing fame:
Riſe, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The ſtorm is paſt, th' impending tempeſt fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or diſgrace,
It had not given ſuch ſons ſo brave a race;
When for deſtruction heaven a realm deſigns,
The ſymptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh minds.
Theſe men would prop a ſinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverſe ev'n fate.
Let other nations boaſt their fruitful ſoil,
Their fragrant ſpices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the mind, to arm the ſoul
With virtue which no dangers can controul;
Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy courage lend,
That horror cannot ſhake, or pleaſure bend;
Theſe are the Engliſh arts, theſe we profeſs,
To be the ſame in miſery and ſucceſs;
To teach oppreſſors law, aſſiſt the good,
Relieve the wretched, and ſubdue the proud.
Such are our ſouls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry prieſts the ſcale?
All merit 's light when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the ſtate;

For being baſe, and of a coarſe allay.
The richeſt medals, and the pureſt gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt tin and copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the buſineſs of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn;
So ſhining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty actions fly the ſearching light:
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whoſe raſh misjudging ſenſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who, ſlow to act, each buſineſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;
With wiſdom fatal to their intereſt, ſtrive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where prieſts and women reign
Who love fierce drivers, and a looſer rein.

AN EPISTLE

TO

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

Occaſioned by his Majeſty's Victory in Ireland.

WHAT! ſhall the king the nation's genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorſet! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muſes' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit your eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt hero, the beſt pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whoſe actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When fate ſome mighty genius has deſign'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to anſwer the intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep aſcent:

She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the ſteps of fate;
Till all the ſeeds of providence unite,
To ſet the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Naſſau's race ſhe made this long eſſay;
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public ſpirit diſtinguiſh'd all the line,
Succeſſive virtues in each branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt glory roſe, and crown'd the great deſign.
Bleſt be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durſt his native ſoil, loſt Holland, ſave!
But William's genius takes a wider ſcope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to ſubdue inſulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from thoſe oppreſſors of mankind,
Whom laws reſtrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliverer Europe does confeſs,
All tongues extol, and all religions bleſs;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praiſe, their wonder join;
While, in the public cauſe, he takes the field,
And ſhelter'd nations fight behind his ſhield.
His foes themſelves dare not applauſe refuſe:
And ſhall ſuch actions want a faithful Muſe?

Poets

Poets have this to boaſt; without their aid,
The freſheſt laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt honours have a narrow date,
Unleſs they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the part?
Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Injoin'd a penance, which is too ſevere
For playing once the fool, to perſevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any Engliſh Muſe,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot ſing of conqueſts as I ought,
And my breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
I know my compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In eaſy numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual friendſhip would at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another tone and voice,
When victory 's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Aſks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raiſe,
When, cover'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?

His bleeding arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
Which, in his people's cauſe, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and hell could ſtay.
Oh, Dorſet! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
In ſpeaking paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mein;
And gods deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene.
See, ſee! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own view adjuſting his commands:
Calm and ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Reſolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
Of neighing ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suſpended in attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile ſounds, and huſh the din of war:
The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſtening with joy, while thus their general ſpoke,
"Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
"And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
"Your courage only waits from me the word,
"But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
"In her defence I every part will bear,
"The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
"And envy any arm an equal ſhare.

Set

" Set all that 's dear to men before your ſight;
" For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
" To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
" Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her name:
" At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
" To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
" Struggled with adverſe ſtorms and winter ſeas,
" That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
" Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
" And write the empty triumphs of the war;
" In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
" My ſword ſhall juſtify my people's truſt,
" For which—But I your victory delay;
" Come on; I and my genius lead the way."
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt,
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withſtood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts down;
So on the foe the firm battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

Stop!

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that generous flame,
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre ſtand,
Europe's divided intereſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive power,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince!---what, does your Muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his conqueſts---faith, I can't:
My ſpirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd———
That rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic ſtrain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verſe provoking you to rhyme;
I wiſh there were more Dorſets at this time.

Oh!

Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinſel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To ſteal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms ſold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay
What ſums would Lewis give, that France might ſay
That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conqueſts would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to ſpread his real fame,
Would paſs between Verſailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their ſongs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other ſound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream;
The wounded arm would furniſh all their rooms,
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.
Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand generous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The Queen herſelf, the charming Queen ſhould grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.

Who

And, putting on the king, diſmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the chearful court;
In every glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately Goddeſs with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.

Theſe ſubjects do, my Lord, your ſkill command
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

Written at ALTHROP, in a blank Leaf of WALLER's POEMS, upon ſeeing VANDYKE's Picture of the old Lady SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sachariſſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeems her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers, and that glowing paint?
This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sachariſſa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could ſoar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

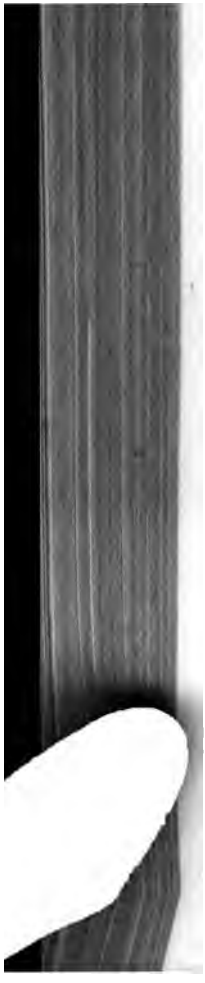
VERSES,

Written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of the KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Ducheſs of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Albans' charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Ducheſs



Ducheſs of BEAU
Offspring of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace
You with double charms ſurprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHUR
Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous
Bleſt with your parents wit, and he
Born with our liberties in Willian
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrai

Ducheſs of RICHM
Of two fair Richmonds different a
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the l
Th' adorers offerings prove who 's
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wi

Lady SUNDERLA
All Nature's charms in Sunderlan
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſ
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſa
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alon

Mademoiſelle SPANH
Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in F
Your charms to brighter glory here
The ſtubborn Britons own your be
And with their native toaſts enrol

ON THE
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away deſpair.
Mopſa, who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for Charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt night, t'adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
Her ſteps were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart.
In all her air, in every glance, was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding preſs;
Hambden himſelf delivers their addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice diſdain,
Owns them her ſubjects, and begins to reign:
Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
Fopland! the greateſt part of this great iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay

Prayer-

Prayer-books, patch-boxes, ſermon-notes, and paint,
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.
Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
But if you would a full deſcription ſee,
You'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſy.

ON ORPHEUS AND SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! ſay, by what wondrous charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the ſoft Thracian touch'd the trembling ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuſcan rais'd her ſtrain,
Rooke furls his ſails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office ſleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conqueſts claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her ſhrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

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O E M S

BY

EORGE STEPNEY, Eſq.

POEMS

BY

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq.

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Accession to the THRONE.

The Author then of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
So when the Phœnix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd;
Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Mysterious fate, whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!
May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the state.

England no more ſhall penſive thoughts employ
On him ſhe 'as loſt; but him ſhe has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deſerted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Forgot her Theſeus, and embrac'd the god.

On the Univerſity of CAMBRIDGE's burning the Duke of MONMOUTH's Picture, 1685, who was formerly their Chancellor.——In Anſwer to this Queſtion,

" —— Sed quid
" Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, & odit
" Damnatos ——"

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applauſe you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the ſage Vice Chancellor was ſure
The original in limbo lay ſecure,
As greaſy as himſelf he ſends a lictor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all ſhe can
To ſave the image of the tall young man,
Which ſhe ſo oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with ſtrong thoughts ſhe might improve her race;
But all in vain, ſince the wiſe houſe conſpire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,

Left

Left it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harveſt to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He 'll ſubſcribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuſes,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muſes;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more ſtuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, leſt he get all the profit t' himſelf,
Too greedy of honour, too laviſh of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
The kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return if,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their ſtocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheeſe in the pariſh of Chedder;
Confuſedly crowd on the ſophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townſmen, their wives, and the proctors,
While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confuſion in bumpers of ſtale;
But Roſalin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her abſence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not ſee his fate,
With whom ſhe 'ad danc'd a minuet ſo late.
The heads, who never could hope for ſuch frames,
Out of envy condemn'd ſixſcore pounds to the flames,

Then his air was too proud, and his features amiſs,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whoſe favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and braſs kettles.

An EPISTLE to CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq; afterwards Earl of HALIFAX.

On his Majeſty's Voyage to HOLLAND.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
Art I 've either loſt, or never knew,
Pleas'd my paſt follies kindly to commend,
And fondly loſe the critick in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull inſenſibly betray'd,
I 'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to buſineſs, and averſe to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in ſpite
Of the world's genius and my own, I 'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aſpire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samſon's riddle is that powerful ſong,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion ſtrong;
The colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no luſtre, and they want no ſhade;
But ſhall of writing a juſt model give,
While Boyne ſhall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet ſince his every act may well infuſe
Some happy rapture in the humbleſt Muſe,
Though mine deſpairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I 've a ſubject's right.
When William's deeds, and reſcued Europe's joy
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treaſon ſure, to ſhew no zeal,
And not to write, is almoſt to rebel.
Let Albion then forgive her meaneſt ſon,
Who would continue what her beſt begun;
Who, leaving conqueſts and the pomp of war,
Would ſing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the ſeed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with tranſport boaſt,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor moſt:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair iſle with rival paſſion ſtrove,
How by her ſorrow ſhe expreſs'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how ſhe bleſs'd his way, yet ſigh'd, and ſaid:
Is it decreed my hero ne'er ſhall reſt,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him poſſeſs'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.

O ge-

O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffuſive goodneſs of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Should ſinking nations ſummon you away,
Maria's love might juſtify your ſtay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your ſafety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious eaſe,
You tempt new dangers on the winter ſeas.
The Belgic ſtate has reſted long ſecure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in ſtrength, can range the woods alone:
When to my arms they did the Prince reſign,
I bleſs'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly ſhould obey
His ſtronger, and Maria's gentle ſway;
He fierce as thunder, ſhe as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go---where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harveſt to thy proſperous ſword:
Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:

While

While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noiſe of war,
In honourable pleaſure I poſſeſs
The ſpoils of conqueſt, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bleſs'd,
Conſtant in toil, and ignorant of reſt,
Through different regions does his courſe purſue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleaſing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his luſtre with a milder light:
So when your beams do diſtant nations chear,
The partner of your crown ſhall mount the ſphere,
Able alone my empire to ſuſtain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign----
But why has fate maliciouſly decreed,
That greateſt bleſſings muſt by turns ſucceed?
Here ſhe relented, and would urge his ſtay
By all that fondneſs and that grief could ſay;
But ſoon did her preſaging thoughts employ
On ſcenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconſtant breaſt
Was ſwell'd with rapture, by deſpair depreſs'd,
Fate call'd; the hero muſt his way purſue,
And her cries leſſen'd as the ſhore withdrew.
The winds were ſilent, and the gentle main
Bore an auſpicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom thoſe ſeas obey,
Nodded, and bade the chearful Tritons play.
Each choſe a different ſubject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praiſe.

Some

Some in their ſtrains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this ſtream of virtue firſt began:
Others choſe heroes of a later date,
And ſung the * founder of the neighbouring ſtate;
How daringly he tyranny withſtood,
And ſeal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illuſtrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the ‡ youth, whoſe pregnant hopes out-ran
The ſteps of time, and early ſhew'd the man;
For whoſe alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to ſecure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phœnix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may riſe,
So fate ordain'd the § parent ſoon ſhould ſet,
To make the glories of his heir compleat.
At William's name each fill'd his vocal ſhell,
And on the happy ſound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some ſung his birth, and how diſcerning fate
Sav'd infant virtue againſt powerful hate;
Of poiſonous ſnakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that ſpread the more, the more with-held.
Some ſung Seneffe, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himſelf a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppoſe
His country's foreign and inteſtine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows cloſe.

* William. † Maurice and Henry.
‡ William. § James II.

Others

Others ſung Perſeus, and the iniur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in myſterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, fluſh'd with arbitrary power,
Deſign'd his lawful iſſue to devour;
But Jove, reſerv'd for better fate, withſtood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'T was Italy ſecur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight reſign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier ſon.
Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne;
How on the wondering bank the hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold and deſperately good;
Till fate, deſigning to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can ſave,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the ſting,
Wounded the man, diſtinguiſhing the King.
They had enlarg'd, but found the ſtrain too ſtrong,
And in ſoft notes allay'd the bolder ſong:
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be ſpread;
No more may travellers deſire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten ſtream,
Be or the ſoldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters ſhall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as thoſe are in the ſea.

They

They breath'd afreſh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick miſts long to conceal the ſhore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the ſleeping wind,
More to the ſea, than to it's maſter kind,
Detain'd a treaſure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a ſuperior genius born,
Treats chance with inſolence, and death with ſcorn:
Darkneſs and ice in vain obſtruct his way,
Holland is near, and nature muſt obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat ſecurely rode,
For Cæſar and his fortune were the load.

With eager tranſport Belgia met her ſon,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, ſhe bow'd her head,
Confeſs'd her Lord, bleſs'd his return, and ſaid:

If paſſion by long abſence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love;
Think on my old, my intermitted bliſs,
And by my former pleaſure meaſure this:
Nor by theſe feeble pillars which I raiſe,
Unequal to ſuſtain the hero's praiſe;
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To repreſent your glories, or my heart:
Theſe humble emblems are deſign'd to ſhow,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a ſhort review,
How Holland's happineſs advanc'd with you;
How her ſtout veſſel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her ſtorms, while Orange was her guide.

What

What ſince has been our fate---I need not ſay,
Ill ſuiting with the bleſſings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conqueſt was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, whereſoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too ſadly underſtood
How angels have their ſpheres of doing good;
Elſe the ſame ſoul which did our troops poſſeſs,
And crown'd their daring courage with ſucceſs,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been ſtill a guiltleſs plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
Like yours ſhould be to time and place confin'd!
But thy return ſhall fix our kinder fate,
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
Diſcording Princes ſhall with thee combine,
And center all their intereſts in thine;
Proud of thy friendſhip, ſhall forego their ſway
As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft ſhall looſe, nor force ſhall cut.

ON THE LATE

HORRID CONSPIRACY.

THE * youth whoſe fortune the vaſt globe obey'd,
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‡ vile hands oppreſs'd,
With noble pity and juſt rage poſſeſs'd,
Wept at his fall from ſo ſublime a ſtate,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majeſty profan'd---ſo acted too
The generous Cæſar, when the Roman knew
A § coward King had treacherouſly ſlain,
** Whom ſcarce he foil'd on the Pharſalian plain:
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the baſe author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the ſervile arts of barbarous hate:
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cauſe and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts---and if his rivals dare
Diſpute his reign by arms, he 'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the ſcale,
And lets the good, the juſt, and brave, prevail.

* Alexander. † Darius. ‡ Boſſus.
§ Ptolomy. ** Pompey.

TO

THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

he Death of his Son before LUXEMBURGH.

gone! and was it then by your decree,
envious powers, that we ſhould only ſee
ıy of your own divinity?
ght ye it ſurpaſſing human ſtate,
a bleſſing laſting as 't was great?
ıel ſkill you better ne'er had ſhown,
u ſo ſoon deſign'd him all your own.
tering favours to the damn'd are given,
o increaſe their hell, you ſhow them heaven.
oo godlike, he ſhould long inherit
his father's and his uncle's ſpirit?
ıuch beauty, and as calm a breaſt,
ıild dame whoſe teeming womb he bleſt.
ll the favours Providence could give,
ts own prerogative to live;
in pleaſures, and in dangers bold,
l in action, and in prudence old;
ble greatneſs, and ſubmiſſive ſtate,
ı life full of wonder, as his fate;
o, to all the heights of learning bred,
ıks and men, and practis'd what he read.
ıe wide globe ſcarce did the buſy ſun
ıater haſte and greater luſtre run.
lantry and grandeur he deſcry'd,
: French fopperies, and German pride.

And like th' induſtrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the ſweets which on ſweet bloſſoms grew.
Babel's confuſed ſpeeches on his tongue,
With a ſweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did conteſt
Do ſtrive who moſt were by his preſence bleſt.
Nor did his wiſdom damp his martial fire,
Minerva both her portions did inſpire,
Uſe of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæſar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.
If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and ſouls by patterns makes,
Much of himſelf in him he did unfold,
And caſt them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a ſubſtance to be old.
Both did alike diſdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiouſly did both conſpire to twiſt
Bays with the ivy, with their temples kiſt:
Scorning to wait the ſlow advance of time,
Both fell like early bloſſoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conqueſt, in their overthrow;
And longer life do purchaſe by their death,
In fame compleating what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind fate ſtretch'd the contracted ſpan,
To the full glories of a perfect man;

And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
I' had paid to his illuſtrious line that ſtock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
But oh!
So haſty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening ſhowers,
In ſpite of froſts, ſpring from th' unwilling earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth:
Abortive iſſues ſo delude the womb,
And ſcarce have being, ere they want a tomb.
Forgive, my Lord, the Muſe that does aſpire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
Whoſe each officious and unſkilful ſound
Can with freſh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curſe the guilty plain,
Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was ſlain;
Or could I flights high as his merits raiſe,
Clear as his virtue, deathleſs as his praiſe;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion ſhould enrol his name
In the long-conſecrated liſt of fame.
But, ſince my artleſs and unhallow'd ſtrain
Will the high worth, it ſhould commend, profane;
Since I deſpair my humble verſe ſhould prove
Great as your loſs, or tender as your love;
My heart with ſighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief ſupply.

U[illegible] May it prove laſting, as Maria's pra
And, the ſong ended, be the ſwan's thy d
Reſt ever ſilent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence ſhall we begin? or whithe
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration loſt,
Not knowing which it ſhould diſtinguiſh r

Some angel, from your own, deſcribe l
For ſure your godlike beings are the ſame
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly ſenſe and reſolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildneſs and of ſtat
Not by conſtraint or affectation great;
But form'd by nature for ſupreme comma
Like Eve juſt moulded by the Maker's ha
Yet ſuch her meekneſs, as half-veil'd the
Left, being in too great a luſtre ſhown,
It might debar the ſubject of acceſs,
And make her mercies and our comforts l
So Gods, of old, deſcending from their ſj
To viſit men, like mortals did appear:
Leſt their too awful preſence ſhould affrig

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffuſive like the ſun,
She did her healing influence diſplay,
And cheriſh'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day;
Reliev'd not only thoſe who bounty ſought,
But gave unaſk'd, and as ſhe gave forgot;
Found modeſt Want in her obſcure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William ſav'd, was Mary's care,
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the ſeat of mercy dwell;
For here ſhe would not have her goodneſs known,
But you beheld how ſhe addreſs'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal ſo like your own.
Since ſhe was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
She ſhould, alas! have been immortal too.
A mind ſo good, in beauteous ſtrength array'd,
Aſſur'd our hopes ſhe might be long obey'd,
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have ſeen
The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly ſphere.
Grace and mild mercy beſt in her were ſhown,
In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
Of Juſtice ſhe at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppreſſion by his ſword was quell'd;
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove;
The God of battle, and the Queen of love,

Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.
Such to their meetings, when our Monarch came
With laurels loaden, and immortal fame;
As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms:
Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
With the same temper as the * Latian hind
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
When in disguise he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.
Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living; our despair now dead.
Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;

* Lucius Quintius.

So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both ſtreams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful ſenate with one voice combine
To breathe their ſorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counſels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vaſtneſs of thy grief they ſee,
They own 'tis juſt, and melt in tears with thee.
Bluſh not, great ſoul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they paſs unfelt away;
But raiſe a ſtorm and deluge where they ſtay.
The braveſt heroes have the ſofteſt mind,
Their nature 's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human paſſions nicely knew,
When his illuſtrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewiſe in his ſoul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguiſh too might reach his heart;
For a loſt miſtreſs, in deſpair he ſate,
And let declining Troy ſtill ſtruggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans ſlew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.
Still greater is thy loſs,——be ſuch thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may aſſwage.
She who on earth ſecur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, ſhall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly ſhield,
Unſeen protect thee in the doubtful field.

Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both eſtates with Mary ſhow;
And while above ſhe triumphs, fight below.---
'Tis done---our Monarch to the camp returns,---
The Gallic armies fly---their navy burns,
And earth and ſeas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

AT Anna's call the Auſtrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the ſouthern ſkies;
Where a raſh Prince, with an unequal ſway,
Inflames the region, and miſguides the day;
Till the uſurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

AT dead of night imperial Reaſon ſleeps,
And Fancy with her train looſe revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mix'd ſcene diſplay,
Of what we heard, or ſaw, or wiſh'd by day;
For memory thoſe images retains,
Which paſſion form'd, and ſtill the ſtrongeſt reigns.
Huntſmen renew the chace they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grants or diſgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miſer ſpies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit 's a knight, the ſycophant a lord.

Thus

Thus fancy's in the wild diſtraction loſt,
With what we moſt abhor, or covet moſt.
But of all paſſions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepeſt image in the ſoul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood diſpenſe
Pleaſures ſo lively that they rival ſenſe.
Such are the tranſports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom ſpies or ſome faint virtue force to fly
That ſcene of joy, which yet ſhe dies to try.
Till fancy bawds, and, by myſterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then ſhe melts, acts fierce delight,
And curſes the returns of envious light.
In ſuch bleſt dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking ſhe deteſts, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a looſe to his wild love,
And in his airy viſions cuckolds Jove.
Honours and ſtate before this phantom fall;
For ſleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

Imitated from the FRENCH of Monſ. MAYNARD, to Cardinal RICHELIEU.

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My muſe was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The ſports and ſmiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her ſmart concetti.

Now

II.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
She ſtrings her harp, whilſt freezing age
But feebly runs through evry vein,
And chills my briſk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And ſoon from fate I ſhall receive
A ſummons to the ſhades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghoſts will round me come
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
Whilſt the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to th' utmoſt realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With penſions every muſe inſpire;
Who Marlborough's conqueſts did purſue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But ſhould ſome drolling ſprite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb ſhould I ſtand!
What would your Lordſhip have me ſay?

JUVENAL. SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not conſiſt in ſtatues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He laſhes Rubellius Plancus, for being inſolent, by reaſon of his high birth; and lays down an inſtance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horſes, who are valued rather according to their perſonal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He adviſes his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the ſatire) to lead a virtuous life, diſſuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppreſſion, cruelty, and other vices, by his ſevere cenſures on Lateranus, Damaſippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in oppoſition to theſe, diſplays the worth of perſons meanly born, ſuch as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The tranſlator of this ſatire induſtriouſly avoided impoſing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes; but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who diſgraced their anceſtors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought ſome hiſtorical relations were neceſſary towards rendering thoſe inſtances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to

to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy paſſage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honeſtly confeſſes he either does not rightly underſtand, or cannot ſufficiently explain. If he has not confined himſelf to the ſtrict rules of tranſlation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphraſing, or reconciling the Roman cuſtoms to our modern uſage; he hopes this freedom is pardonable, ſince he has not uſed it but when he found the original flat, obſcure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of ſuch a change.

WHAT 's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the ſource our antient blood?
To have our anceſtors in paint or ſtone,
Preſerv'd as relicks, or like monſters ſhewn?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering noſe, that bears
Injurious ſcars, the ſad effects of years;
And Galba grinning without noſe or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.
'Tis mere burleſque, that to our Generals praiſe
Their progeny immortal ſtatues raiſe,

Yet

Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And ſteal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when theſe their enſigns did diſplay.
Why ſhould ſoft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conqueſts in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's ſtrain,
Yet dares be baſe, effeminate and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater luſtre to his guilt,
Whoſe tender limbs and poliſh'd ſkin diſgrace
The griſly beauty of his manly race;
And who, by practiſing the diſmal ſkill
Of poiſoning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble ſweat,
When his degenerate head by theirs is ſet.
Long galleries of anceſtors, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or eſteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Coſſus, Druſus, were;
And in thy conſular triumphal ſhow,
Let theſe before thy father's ſtatues go;
Place them before the enſigns of the ſtate,
As chooſing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you 're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you 're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me:

Rome

Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her conqueſts on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify ſo eminent a ſon.
With your bleſt name ſhall every region ſound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her prieſts have found
A new Oſiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call thoſe noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whoſe only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant paſs;
A negro for a ſwan; a crook-back'd laſs
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the nobleſt or the fierceſt beaſt:
Be therefore careful, leſt the world in jeſt
Should thee juſt ſo with the mock titles greet,
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and cenſure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your perſon ſecond to divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the Druſian line;
Though yet you no illuſtrious act have done,
To make the world diſtinguiſh Julia's ſon
From the vile offſpring of a trull, who ſits
By the town-wall, and for a living knits.
" You are poor rogues (you cry) the baſer ſcum
" And inconſiderable dregs of Rome;
" Who know not from what corner of the earth
" The obſcure wretch, who got you, ſtole his birth:

" Mine

"Mine I derive from Cecrops"——May your Grace
Live and enjoy the ſplendor of your race!—
Yet of theſe baſe plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great ſenators, and honours to that gown:
Some at the bar with ſubtilty defend
The cauſe of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their ſtronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or thoſe forces join
Which garriſon the conqueſts near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you reſemble your great family
No more, than thoſe rough ſtatues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living ſtatue, that of ſtone.
Great Son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beaſt
For being of a race above the reſt,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an inſtance---We commend a horſe
(Without regard of paſture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his ſpeed;
Who wins moſt plates with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his hoofs his conqueſts on the duſt.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at laſt
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches caſt,
No favour for the ſtallion we retain,
And no reſpect for the degenerate ſtrain;

The

The worthleſs brute is from New-Market brought
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.
That we may therefore you, not yours, admire
Firſt, Sir, ſome honour of your own acquire;
Add to that ſtock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe bleſt ſhades to whom you all things owe.
This may ſuffice the haughty youth to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burſt almoſt with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for "We ſeldom find
"Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd."
But Ponticus, I would not you ſhould raiſe
Your credit by hereditary praiſe;
Let your own acts immortaliſe your name;
"'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.
Be a good ſoldier, or upright truſtee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witneſs in a doubtful cauſe,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he 'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo profligate, but rather chuſe
To guard your honour, and your life to loſe,

Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue the nobleſt cauſe for which you 're made.
" Improperly we meaſure life by breath;
" Such do not truly live who merit death;"
Though they their wanton ſenſes nicely pleaſe
With all the charms of luxury and eaſe;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careleſs brow,
And round them coſtly ſweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral ſtate were laid,
And to the world, as they 're to virtue, dead.
When you the province you expect, obtain,
From paſſion and from avarice refrain;
Let our aſſociates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increaſe their yoke,
Since riches cannot reſcue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the ſlave.
To what the laws enjoin, ſubmiſſion pay;
And what the Senate ſhall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like leſſer pikes) only ſubſiſt on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miſerable province eaſe,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will ſeize.
Cherippus then, in time yourſelf bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, ſink;

Ne'er put yourſelf to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did ſuſtain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
'Tis mad to laviſh what their rapine left.

When Rome at firſt our rich allies ſubdued,
From gentle taxes noble ſpoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppreſt,
Thought the loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All treaſuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe coſtly ſilks were found;
The leaſt apartment of the meaneſt houſe
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhaſius did receive
Motion and warmth; and ſtatues taught to live;
Some Polyclete's, ſome Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' maſter-piece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like theſe oppreſſors might invite,
Theſe Dolabella's rapine did excite,
Theſe Antony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for theſe did ſacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ſhips full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treaſure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or ſome few mares reſerv'd alone for breed;
Yet leſt this provident deſign ſucceed,

y drive the father of the herd away,
cing both ſtallion and his paſture prey.
ir rapine is ſo abject and prophane,
y not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
the poor Lares from the niches ſeize,
ıey be little images that pleaſe.
ı are the ſpoils which now provoke their theft,
l are the greateſt, nay, they 're all that 's left.
hus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppreſs,
o dare not bravely what they feel redreſs:
how can ſops thy tyranny control,
mooth limbs are ſymptoms of a ſervile ſoul."
treſpaſs not too far on ſturdy Spain,
vonia, France; thy gripes from thoſe reſtrain,
o with their ſweat Rome's luxury maintain,
ſend us plenty, while our wanton day
viſh'd at the Circus, or the play.
, ſhould you to extortion be inclin'd,
cruel guilt will little booty find,
eglecting Marius has already ſeiz'd
that from ſun-burnt Afric can be ſqueez'd.
ut, above all, " Be careful to with-hold
our talons from the wretched and the bold;
empt not the brave and needy to deſpair;
or, though your violence ſhould leave them bare
f gold and ſilver, ſwords and darts remain,
nd will revenge the wrongs which they ſuſtain;
he plunder'd ſtill have arms ——."
hink not the precept I have here laid down
nd, uncertain notion of my own;

No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and ſure, as the decrees of fate.
Let none but men of honour you attend;
Chooſe him that has moſt virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To ſell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from ſtrolling up and down,
To all aſſizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your juſtice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourſelf free from ſcandals ſuch as theſe;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you pleaſe:
If he 's too modern, and your pride aſpire
To ſeek the author of your being higher,
Chooſe any Titan who the Gods withſtood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other ſtory you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.
But ſhould you prove ambitious, luſtful, vain;
Or could you ſee with pleaſure and diſdain,
Rods broke on out aſſociates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax;
Your father's glory will your ſin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expoſe your ſhame;
" For ſtill more public ſcandal vice extends,
" As he is great and noble who offends."
How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a deed,

In

In the ſame temple which your grandſire built;
Making his ſtatue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy maſquerade are led
Muffled by night to ſome polluted bed.
Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers peaceful aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a chariot down the hill,
And (though a conſul) links himſelf the wheel:
To do him juſtice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon ſees, and every ſmaller light
Pries as a witneſs of the ſhameful ſight.
Nay when his year of honour 's ended, ſoon
He 'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor bluſh ſhould he ſome grave aquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beaſts are weary grown,
He 'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim ſlay,
To no clean goddeſs he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona moſt devoutly ſwears,
Or ſome rank deity, whoſe filthy face
We ſuitably o'er ſtinking ſtables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To ſteer his courſe directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night),
A greaſy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Preſents him eſſence, while his courteous hoſt
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding 's loſt)

Tags ev'ry ſentence with ſome fawning word,
Such as "My King, My Prince," at leaſt "My Lord;"
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can aſk,
Gueſſes his meaning, and unoils the flaſk.
Some, friends to vice, induſtriouſly defend
Theſe innocent diverſions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that when young we did the ſame.
I grant we did, yet when that age was paſt,
The frolic humour did no longer laſt;
We did not cheriſh and indulge the crime:
What 's foul in acting, ſhould be left in time.
'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And ſpare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæſar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whoſe doors are ſet
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any deſperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the ſtate,
Cæſar, ſend quickly to ſecure the port;
"But where's the general? where does he reſort?"
Send to the ſutler's; there y' are ſure to find
The bully match'd with raſcals of his kind,

Quacks,

Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and ſailors;
Rooks, common ſoldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
With Cybele's prieſts, who, wearied with proceſſions,
Drink there, and ſleep with knaves of all profeſſions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the beſt;
And all, who can, have liberty to jeſt:
One flaggon walks the round, that none ſhould think
They either change, or ſtint him of his drink:
And, leſt exceptions may for place be found,
Their ſtools are all alike, their table round.
What think you, Ponticus, yourſelf might do,
Should any ſlave ſo lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you 'd ſend the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we eſteem in coblers baſe,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.
Shameful are theſe examples, yet we find
(To Rome's diſgrace) far worſe than theſe behind;
Poor Damaſippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and ſix about the town,
Is forc'd to make the ſtage his laſt retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he muſt (ſince his eſtate is loſt)
Or repreſent, or be himſelf, a ghoſt:
And Lentulus acts hanging with ſuch art,
Were I a judge, he ſhould not feign the part.

Nor would I their vile inſolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diverſion, ſit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble ſport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expoſe,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their ſhows.
Yet ſay, the ſtage and liſts were both in ſight,
And you muſt either chooſe to act, or fight;
Death never ſure bears ſuch a ghaſtly ſhape,
That a rank coward baſely would eſcape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monſtrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After ſuch pranks, the world itſelf at beſt
May be imagin'd nothing but a jeſt.
Go to the liſts where feats of arms are ſhown,
There you 'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown
A fencer and the ſcandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modeſt helmet he diſdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
Firſt waves his trident ready for the throw,

Next

Next caſts his net, but neither level'd right,
He ſtares about expos'd to public ſight,
Then places all his ſafety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband ſhew his quality.
Thus when at laſt the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did purſue,
To conquer ſuch a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.
Had we the freedom to expreſs our mind,
There 's not a wretch ſo much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whoſe tyranny he fell:
To expiate whoſe complicated guilt,
With ſome proportion to the blood he ſpilt,
Rome ſhould more ſerpents, apes, and ſacks provide,
Than one for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Oreſtes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cauſe, there 's difference in the fact:
He ſlew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him ſtrike, and did direct his hand;
To puniſh falſhood, and appeaſe the ghoſt
Of his poor father treacherouſly loſt,
Juſt in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his chearful ſoul.
Yet kill'd he not his ſiſter, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Oreſtes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or ſung upon a public ſtage;

Never

Never on verſe did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid ſcene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raiſe his fancy higher,
And finiſh the great work, ſet Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treaſon juſt, and might compel
Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's ſelf have acted worſe
To aggravate the wretched nation's curſe?

Theſe are the bleſt endowments, ſtudies, arts,
Which exerciſe our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolicks with his roving genius ſuit,
On foreign theatres to proſtitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parſley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find ſome place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's ſtatues ſhall be laid
The habit and the maſk in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyeſtes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar ſhall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman ſung.

Who, Catiline, can boaſt a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conſpire
To ſet your houſes and our gods on fire
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not ſons of Rome,

To

To recompenſe whoſe barbarous intent
Pitch'd ſhirts would be too mild a puniſhment):
But Tully, our wiſe conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble muſhroom, ſcarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Theſſaly, diſcolour'd by the ſlain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.
Marius (another conſul we admire)
In the ſame village born, firſt plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the ſoldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the ſpade,
His ſurly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tottering ſtate,
Withſtood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a goodly banquet knew)
Only a ſecond laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He ſhar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From

From a mean ſtock the pious Decii came,
Small their eſtates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet ſuch their virtues, that their loſs alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the hoſt they ſav'd.
The laſt good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he thoſe robes of empire juſtly bore,
Which Romulus, our ſacred founder, wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well poſſeſt the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himſelf a family alone.
When Tarquin, his proud ſucceſſor, was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd,
The conſuls ſons (who, for their country's good,
And to inhance the honour of their blood,
Should have aſſerted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their baniſh'd king, and arbitrary power:
Whilſt a poor ſlave, with ſcarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills theſe well-born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treaſon juſtly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.
If you have ſtrength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to ſuſtain a ten years war;

Thou

Though foul Therſites got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.
Boaſt then your blood, and your long lineage ſtretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe hereditary tales,
Your anceſtors the ſcum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient ſource,
But a poor ſhepherd's boy, or ſomething worſe.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why ſo oft in tears?
Why all theſe jealouſies and fears.
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy cloſet ſhall be ſtor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like ſuch plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he ſighs
For thee in louſy cabin:
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
"'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee riſe"——
He will not let the drab in.

III. But

III.

But ſhe, the cunning'ſt jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By ſharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he ſhall be dubb'd a knight,
When ſhe is made a counteſs.

IV.

Then tells of ſmooth young pages whipp'd,
Caſhier'd, and of their liveries ſtripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, becauſe they would not drudge
To ſave their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all ſuch love-adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Chriſtian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with ſighs,
And ſoft impertinence and noiſe,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous ſerenade,
Soon from the window rate him:
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale
Diſcharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I ſing,
When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
When by ſtrange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleaſing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the ſacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath ſtill this praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or ſoar too high.
Still does Steſichorus's tongue
Sing ſweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon n'er too old can grow,
Love from every verſe does flow;
Still Sappho's ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her ſex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did enſnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to deſire.
Not only ſkilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A ſubject fit for laſting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to ſave others lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he ſo brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering ſtate?
No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As ſilent as their grave,
Becauſe no charitable poet gave
Their well-deſerved immortality.

III.

Virtue with ſloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my muſic by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lie;
Unleſs my ſongs begin and end with you,
To whom my ſtrings, to whom my ſongs, are due.
No pride does with your riſing honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant crowds below.

Should

Should fortune change your happy ſtate,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbias'd ſcale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honeſty deſpiſe
What all the meaner world ſo dearly prize:
Nor does your virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall circle of one ſhort-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, viſit and away;
Your luſtre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarouſly call thoſe bleſt,
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling coffers break their owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their paſſions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who ſpend their treaſure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate;
Who poiſon leſs than falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION of the following VERSE LUCAN.

" Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They chooſe the conquering, he the conquer'd ſide

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praiſe or blame;
As whimſies guide the goſſip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow ſhe crowns,
For naval ſpoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her ſpite ſhe rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her viſits can ſhe ſpare
The reputation of the fair.
For inſtance:—Chloe's bloom did boaſt
A while to be the reigning toaſt;
Lean hectic ſparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glaſſes pledg'd to Chloe:
What fops of figure did ſhe bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look ſullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.

Bleſt charmer ſhe, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miſs's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots ſhe ſpy'd
Lilies and roſes, that defy'd
The froſt of age, with certain pickles
They call—Coſmetics for the freckles:
Away ſhe flew with what ſhe wanted,
And told at Court that Chloe painted.
" Then who'd on Common Fame rely,
" Whoſe chief employment's to decry?
" A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
" As ever ply'd at fix in the Mall;
" The father of all fibs begat her
" On ſome old newſman's fuſty daughter."
O Captain! Taiſez-vous---'twere hard
Her novels ne'er ſhould have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will diſbelieve.
When Phœbus ſent her to recite
The praiſes of the moſt polite,
Whoſe ſcenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the Britiſh ſtage;
Then ſhe, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakeſpeare join'd;
And, ſpeaking as the God directed,
The praiſe ſhe gave was unſuſpected.

THE SPELL.

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cr
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
And I'm predeſtin'd to the ſnare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt Cupid at his elbow ſtood;
And twitching him, ſaid, Youth, be wiſe,
Aſk not impoſſibilities:
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliſs, and will not cloy.
But truſt me, youth, for I'm ſincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
Howe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and ſong, and ſonnet,
Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' inchanted ring;
Ere the ſack poſſet is digeſted,
Or half of Hymen's taper waſted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
And ſeem to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul.---
Theſe, and the reſt, you doted on,
Are nauſeous or inſipid grown;
The SPELL diſſolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

ELEGY
UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.
FROM OVID.

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her ſon's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals' ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now looſe your treſſes, penſive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now deſpairs of conquering hearts,
Throws-by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
Eaſes his uſeleſs bows from idle ſtrings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, reſt,
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.

Thoſe graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling ſnow,
Forget their beauty, and in diſcord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loſs the boy did move;
Like paſſions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large ſouls heaven's nobleſt ſtamps do bear
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care):
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without reſpect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muſes' queen, could give
Their ſon, their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' ſkill,
Tam'd wondering beaſts, and Death's more cruel will.
Linus' ſad ſtrings on the dumb lute do lie,
In ſilence forc'd to let their maſter die.
Homer (the ſpring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone ſurvive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay,
Worſhip their ſleeping deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and ſtops the praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go,

Go, frantic poet, with deluſions fed,
Think laurels guard your conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpace
Can meaſure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
His mother weeping does his eye-lids cloſe,
And on his urn tears, her laſt gift, beſtows.
His ſiſter too, with hair diſhevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
With thoſe, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliſs.
Thus Delia ſpoke (when ſighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by remembrance pleaſures paſt;
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
"I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his firſt deſire,
"And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
To her then Nemeſis (when groans gave leave),
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
"Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
"About my neck his dying arms did twine;

" I ſnatch'd his ſoul, which true to me did prove:
" Age ended yours, death only ſtopp'd my love."
If any poor remains ſurvive the flames,
Except thin ſhadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elyſium ſhall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his love.
There ſhall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our poet's bleſt companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great charge from ſacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſy as his Muſe.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Engliſhed from a Greek Idyllium.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy diſtinguiſh'd ray,
Doſt other lights as far out-ſhine
As Cynthia's ſilver glories thine;
Known by ſuperior beauty there,
As much as Paſtorella here.

Exert

Exert, bright ſtar, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the duſky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vaniſh'd ſoon.
I would not rob the ſhepherd's fold;
I ſeek no miſer's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to ſtray,
Who lately ſtole my heart away.

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

PREFACE.

IT has been ſo uſual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him ſome account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greateſt part of this collection conſiſts of amorous verſes. Thoſe who are converſant with the writings of the ancients, will obſerve a great difference between what they and the moderns have publiſhed upon this ſubject. The occaſions upon which the poems of the former are written, are ſuch as happen to every man almoſt that is in love; and the thoughts ſuch, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have ſought out for occaſions that none meet with but themſelves; and fill their verſes with thoughts that are ſurprizing and glittering, but not tender, paſſionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of theſe two are in the right; we ought to conſider the end that people propoſe in writing love verſes: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their miſtreſs; and the beſt way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched ſimilies, and ſhining points; but by a true and lively repreſentation of the pains and thoughts attending ſuch a paſſion.

" —— Si

" —— Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
" Primum ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent."

I would as ſoon believe a widow in great grief for her huſband, becauſe I ſaw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his miſtreſs for his writing ſuch verſes as ſome great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am ſatisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their miſtreſſes while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forſwear them; but I confeſs I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in tranſports of jealouſy, to treat his miſtreſs with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuſe himſelf with ſuch trifles as the other. I am pleaſed with Tibullus, when he ſays, he could live in a deſart with his miſtreſs where never any human foot-ſteps appeared, becauſe I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays: but I confeſs I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other ſuſtenance than his miſtreſs's looks. I can very eaſily believe a man may love a woman ſo well as to deſire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman ſo well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The firſt is a thought ſo natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the ſame thing; the other is

not

not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impoſe upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very groſsly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endleſs to purſue this point; and any man who will but give himſelf the trouble to compare what the antients and moderns have ſaid upon the ſame occaſions, will ſoon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have choſen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the moſt famous of all the moderns who have written love-verſes: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this falſe ſort of wit in the world: for people, ſeeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have ſatisfied themſelves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have ſucceeded better in love-verſes than the Engliſh; and it is indeed juſt that the faireſt ladies ſhould inſpire the beſt poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or ſprightly than thoſe of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be obſerved, that among all theſe, that ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, and violence of paſſion, which the ancients thought moſt proper for love-verſes, is wanting: and at the ſame

time that we muſt allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handſomer women than we have ſhould nevertheleſs be ſo much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reaſon of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleaſed ſometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verſe. I do not mean that they ſhould confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the ſame foot with other people: and if they pleaſe now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three ſorts of poems that are proper for love: paſtorals, elegies, and lyric verſes; under which laſt, I comprehend all ſongs, odes, ſonnets, madrigals, and ſtanzas. Of all theſe, paſtoral is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for love ſince it is the nature of that paſſion, to render the ſoul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the deſigns, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference

ference between the verſes of paſtoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the firſt ought to be looſer and not ſo ſonorous as the other; the thoughts more ſimple, more eaſy, and more humble. The deſign ought to be the repreſenting the life of a ſhepherd, not only by talking of ſheep and fields, but by ſhowing us the truth, ſincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that ſort of life: for though I know our maſters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his paſſion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to cenſure thoſe whom we muſt always reverence) I take both thoſe things to be faults in their poems, and ſhould have been better pleaſed with the Alexis if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his ſhepherds more modeſt. When I give humility and modeſty as the character of paſtoral, it is not, however, but that a ſhepherd may be allowed to boaſt of his pipe, his ſongs, his flocks, and to ſhew a contempt of his rival, as we ſee both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this muſt be ſtill in ſuch a manner as if the occaſion offered itſelf, and was not ſought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the ſhepherd's paſſion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the ſame difference obſerved between paſtorals and elegies as between the life of the country and the court. In the firſt, love ought to be repreſented as among ſhepherds, in the other as among

gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender, and paſſionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in paſtoral. The paſſions they repreſent, either more gallant or more violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The ſubjects of them, prayers, praiſes, expoſtulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatnings, jealouſies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allowed to handle all the ſame ſubjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be ſo entirely one thing, and every verſe ought ſo to depend upon the other, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt alone; or, to make uſe of the words of a * great modern critic, there muſt be

" —— a juſt coherence made
" Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
" So right, that every ſtep may higher riſe,
" Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies."

Lyricks, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may conſiſt of parts that are entire of themſelves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every ſtanza ought to make up a complete ſenſe without running into the other. Frequent ſentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Beſides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the ſtanzas of ſix lines, to make a pauſe at the third; and in thoſe of

* Lord Mulgrave.

ten

en lines, at the third and the ſeventh. And it muſt be onfeſt that this exactneſs renders them much more uſical and harmonious; though they have not always een ſo religious in obſerving the latter rule as the ormer.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh leſign: thoſe who are critics, it would be a preumption in me to pretend I could inſtruct; and to inruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write myſelf, s (if I may be allowed to apply another man's imile) like ſelling arms to an enemy in time of war: hough there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence hewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, ecauſe they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not ſuppoſed to e very old; and all young people, eſpecially of the fair ex, are more taken with the livelineſs of fancy, than he correctneſs of judgment. It may be alſo obſerved, hat to write of love well, a man muſt be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he muſt be out of love again. I am well enough ſatisfied I may be n circumſtances of writing of love, but I am almoſt in leſpair of ever being in circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reaſon for the fair and the young to paſs over ſome of the faults; and as for the grave and wiſe, all the favour I ſhall beg of them is, hat they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verſes work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himſelf with what the critics ſay of them: and if they do not, all

the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living who are able to write better on all ſubjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldneſs to ſay, that there is no one man among them all who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do juſtice to the merits of other people.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, Eſq.

TO HIS BOOK.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Thoſe who love's dear deluding pains have known
May in my fatal ſtories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, adviſ'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, ſhun my fate.
While with calm joy, ſafe landed on the coaſt,
I view the waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suſpicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be beſt
To chace the fatal poiſon from our breaſt?
But, ſince ſo few can live from paſſion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,

Who with ſuch lucky ſtars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded paſſions quickly wear away;
What 's built upon eſteem can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curſe his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
A ſlave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expoſe:
I wage no war, I plead no cauſe, but Love's;
I fear no ſtorms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave cenſor can my choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The Merchant, after all his hazards paſt,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at laſt;
The Soldier high in his king's favour ſtands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her book an emblem of her breaſt!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me!

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHILE thoſe bright eyes ſubdue where-e'er you will,
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave or kill;
What youth ſo bold the conqueſt to deſign?
What wealth ſo great to purchaſe hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life muſt end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:

Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verſe, through diſtant times they come,
Preſerv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an Eaſtern throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give infamy or fame.
In vain the * Tyrian Queen reſigns her life,
For the bright glory of a ſpotleſs wife,
If lying bards may falſe amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her name with arbitrary verſe;
While † one, who all the abſence of her lord
Had her wide courts with preſſing lovers ſtor'd,
Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathleſs rhymes,
Stands a chaſte pattern to ſucceeding times.
With pity then the Muſes' friends ſurvey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wiſely like ſeed on fruitful ſoil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the ſun, that in the marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholſome weeds,
With the ſame rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleaſant flowers and uſeful fruits gives birth:
So favours caſt on fools get only ſhame,
On Poets ſhed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breaſts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muſes can inſpire.

* Dido. † Penelope.

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more bleſt could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous paſſions move?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the ſoft chains, the ſlavery of Love?
Were not the bliſs too often croſt
By that unhappy, vile diſtruſt,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous malady,
That terrible tormenting rage, that madneſs, Jealouſy.

II.

In vain Celinda boaſts ſhe has been true,
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her charms;
Dire Jealouſy does all my pains renew,
And repreſents her in my rival's arms:
His ſighs I hear, his looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs; and, oh! methinks I ſee
Her give up all thoſe joys to him, ſhe ſhould reſerve for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canſt thou hear my groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe tears that all my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms reſign my prize?

If merit could not gain your love,
My ſufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies, more
New pangs to one whom hopeleſs love had plagued too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe nymph, my fury to out-ſtorm;
I ſcorn your anger, and deſpiſe your frown:
Dreſs up your rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindneſs fly,
My vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy:
The Muſe, that would have ſung your praiſe, ſhall now aloud proclaim
To the malicious, ſpiteful world, your infamy and ſhame.

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling ſhower!
See how her eyes are quite diſſolv'd in tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow:
For the ſame pity, ſtop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop that from thoſe eyes does part,
Is paid with ſtreams of blood, that guſh from my o'erflowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of penitence appear.
I'll

I'll frame excuſes for your fault,
Think you ſurpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at leaſt you wiſh'd, me in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in thoſe arms,
And on that boſom lull aſleep my cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh fears of fancy'd harms
That ſtab my ſoul, while they but move thy tears;
And think, unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill;
For theſe rude pangs of jealouſy are much more certain ſigns
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;
Oh ſmile, and grant one reconciling kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe 's kind! I'm ecſtacy all o'er!
My ſoul 's too narrow to contain the bliſs.
Thou pleaſing torture of my breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my reſt,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace deſtroy;
That kills me with exceſs of grief, this with exceſs of joy.

CURE

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on ſome fair-one's charms,
They think ſhe yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their ſtormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breaſt
By jealous phrenzy is poſſeſt;
Forſwears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet ſtraight to her whom he forſwears returns.

But when the fair reſolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of Jealouſy's diſpell'd,
And the bright ſun of innocence reveal'd.

With what ſtrange raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the ſickneſs for the cure?

SONNET.

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and ſorrow paſt,
After deluding hope and dire deſpair,
Death only gives us quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our love and hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting thoſe tyrant-ſins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

'Tis not a fooliſh fear of future pains,
(Why ſhould they fear who keep their ſouls from ſtains?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to ſee:
'Tis not the loſs of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the loſing thee.

ELEGY.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer paſs,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vaſt bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.

Him,

Him, him you love, to me you uſe your art;
I had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you 're ſick, to me of ſpies afraid;
He finds your ſickneſs gone, your ſpies betray'd:
I ſigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms poſſeſſes the delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too:
To him my ſighs are told, my letters ſhown,
And all my pains are his diverſion grown.
Yet, ſince you could ſuch horrid treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you choſe out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falſehood known.
What ſhall I do! for, treated at this rate,
I muſt not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face;
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty leſs!
I'm all confuſion, and my ſoul 's on fire,
Torn by contending reaſon and deſire;
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean wretch! canſt thou contented prove
With the cold relicks of a rival's love?
Why did I ſee that face to charm my breaſt?
Or, having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome favour of your hands;

Ma

Maka me that tame, that eaſy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, falſe fair! for whom ſo oft I 've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear yourſelf for one who dies for you.
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But ſcandals all, and forgeries, deviſ'd
By a vain wretch, neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat.
And thou, bold man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy preſumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boaſts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does diſturb my reſt?
What hell is this within my breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I ſee Celinda's cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all men but me;
I ſee her falſehood, ſee her pride,
I ſee ten thouſand faults beſide;
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that 's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her ſtill.

Others

Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot ſhun:
I ſee my danger, ſee my ruin;
Yet ſeek, yet court, my own undoing:
And each new reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I ſee the bright nymph who my heart does enthral,
When I view her ſoft eyes, and her languiſhing air,
Her merit ſo great, my own merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me adore, and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, ſhe ſquanders on fools
All thoſe treaſures of beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd;
My fancy it damps, my paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe:
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem:
The paſſion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals deſtroy when I look upon them.

How wiſely does Nature things ſo different unite?
In ſuch odd compoſitions our ſafety is found;
As the blood of a ſcorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent;
The offering all your ſtore,
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſehoods plain appear,
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of thoſe favours ſhown,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

Oh, ſince the thing we beg 's a toy
That 's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye ſighs! be gone, ye tears!
Begone, ye jealouſies and fears!
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd,
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a ſenſeleſs rival ſwore
She ſaid as much to him before?
What though I ſaw him in her bed?
I 'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the prudent and the wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing lies:
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vaſt pleaſures gain,
While you with all your wiſdom live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyſelf, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her firſt, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came

To

To the cold relicks of a feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

LOVER.

When he, dull ſot, had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the ſecond courſe;
'Tis chance that firſt makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you ſay, firſt charm'd her eyes;
Firſt, ſhe lov'd babies and dirt-pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the folly of thoſe toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wiſdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
But wiſdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foreſee his doom;
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an ill may come?
Yet I 'll allow her change, when ſhe can ſee
A man deſerves her more than me,
As much as I deſerve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes ſee our deſert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh! they ſee not with their own,
All things to them are through falſe optics ſhewn.
Love at the firſt does all your charms increaſe,
When the tube 's turn'd, hate repreſents them leſs.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to one I ceaſe to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, ſaid old Lyce, ſenſeleſs lover, go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but know,
With all thy verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than fools without one verſe have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
And that which moſt enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER,

IN what ſad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
Does ſhe lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would ſhe hearts with ſoft compaſſion move,
To make them take the deeper ſtamp of love?
What youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes, dreſt up in Pity's ſhape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious tears be ſhed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjuſtly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but ceaſe your own.

While raging paſſion both our ſouls does wound,
A ſovereign balm might ſure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitleſs tears away,
And with a juſt compaſſion mine ſurvey.

EPIGRAM.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU ſaidſt that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldſt abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my ſcorn:
See what thy falſehood gets; I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem thee leſs.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love 's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

IS there a pious pleaſure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean ſordid actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrſis, thou haſt ſure bleſſings laid in ſtore,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be ſhown,
Which to the fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows ſhe broke,
Free my juſt ſoul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal paſſion burn at laſt;
The one ſhe cannot practiſe, though ſhe would;
And I contemn the other, though ſhe ſhould:
Nor aſk I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis puniſhment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balſam for my bleeding breaſt,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours reſt.

ELEGY.

ELEGY,

UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
Yet if there be a power in verſe to ſlack
Thy courſe in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the taſk, howe'er ſo hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within thoſe arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known falſehoods have deſtroy'd all truſt?

Farewel, falſe fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay.
Since we muſt part, why ſhould we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my ſoul could prize,
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe;
Yet ſhould I not repent my follies paſt,
Could you take up and grow reſerv'd at laſt,
'Twould pleaſe me, parted from your fatal charms,
To ſee you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatnings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I ſhould ever do you hurt:
For though my former paſſion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! While thus I waſte my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:

I 'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that 's true,
Reſign the heart ſo hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

AGAINST MARRIAGE.

YES, all the world muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My queen, my ſlave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
That were for public good deſign'd;
Could we in fooliſh pride,
Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
'Twould burn our corn and graſs away,
To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two ſouls, which paſſion does unite;
For while our love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife 's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When ſober in the morning dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe ills that may enſue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increaſe that wealth he wants the ſoul to ſpend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance ſet
To ſpend that wealth he wants the ſenſe to get.

How

How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

TO CÆLIA,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

AH, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did ſuch wondrous paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To womens' intereſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public ſhare,
The greedy villain firſt devours.

Who, without tears, can ſee a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapleſs fate leſs ſad.

Thou who ſo many fools haſt known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldſt now confine thyſelf to one!
And he, alas! a huſband too.

See the ungrateful ſlaves, how faſt
They from thy ſetting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haſte
To worſhip Flavia's riſing ſun!

In

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain thoſe eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the ſmiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, ſtill
By cruelty her cauſe maintains;
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs ſmile
To the poor ſlaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waſte their tears;
But ſure they will in time repine,
That thou haſt not a face like hers,
Or ſhe has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where conſtant peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred ſolitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whoſe converſation pleaſes and improves!

Could one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer rules
Become ſo mad to ſearch for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happineſs in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curſt by the fools, and laught at by the wiſe.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleaſure does invite,
All their dull time in ſenſual joys they live;
And hope to gain that ſolid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleaſures move,
Who view with ſcorn the trophies of the great,
Yet muſt myſelf be made a ſlave to love.

If this dire paſſion never will be gone,
If beauty always muſt my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of ſtate
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly ſay, The Trifle I contemn.

In her bleſt arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

In women how ſhould ſenſe and beauty meet?
The wiſeſt men their youth in follies ſpend;
The beſt is he that earlieſt finds the cheat,
And ſees his errors while there's time to mend.

THE

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Reſolves in deſpair
No longer to languiſh,
Nor bear ſo much anguiſh;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would ſoon finiſh his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The ſides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a lover forſaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be ſet;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:

How

How grievous ſoever
The torment might grow,
He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

SONG.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curſt;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worſt!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you ſee
Are labouring in my breaſt;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt!
How great ſoe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every ſingle feature
Shew'd the utmoſt of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart ſhould be defended,
Whilſt you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love 's a ſenſeleſs inclination,
Where no mercy 's to be found;
But is juſt, where kind compaſſion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Perſians, paying ſolemn duty,
To the riſing Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.

WHEN ſlaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that deſire,
But aſk the power to reign.

II. Think

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

I.

THE diſmal regions which no ſun beholds,
Whilſt his fires roll ſome diſtant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkneſs, froſt, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when ſhe thinks of you.

II.

Thoſe zealots, who adore the riſing ſun,
Would ſoon their darling deity deſpiſe,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worſhip nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, ſhine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient diſtance all her charms,
Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which ſcorches deep, and all your power diſarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleaſure breeds.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd.
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice, with charms and ſcorn.

II.

Fair ſaint, to your bleſt orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a ſinner's prayer,
And be leſs beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And perſecute this breaſt no more:
Ah! tell me why muſt every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myſelf reſign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more ſuſtain
This long-continued ſtate of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitleſs to complain.
My heart, firſt ſoften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:

So fond and eaſy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own intereſt blind,
So ſtrangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than veſtal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to ſtay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to ſtop it I eſſay'd,
Though often, often, I diſplay'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By ſome proud maid ill us'd and ſcorn'd,
I ſtill the renegade careſt,
And gave it harbour in my breaſt.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it ſo admir'd;
With ſhame and ſorrow overcaſt,
And ſad repentance for the paſt,
A thouſand ſacred oaths it ſwore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-gooſe chace of love.
Thus it reſolv'd —— —— —— ——
Till ſome new face again betray'd
The reſolutions it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:
And, though ſo often it had fail'd,
Though vainleſs every heart aſſail'd,

Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou haſt banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly loſe my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I've loſt,
And ſighs, and tears, thy bondage coſt,
Ne'er did thy ſlave thy favours bleſs,
Or crown his paſſion with ſucceſs.
Well — ſince 'tis doom'd that I muſt find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleaſure muſt obtain,
Let me at leaſt avoid the pain:
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd ſit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewel.
Nay, aſk for all I felt before,
Only to be diſturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'ſt me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful deſire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her, *I never ſaw:*
And who, but lovers, can expreſs
This ſtrange, myſterious tenderneſs?

And yet methinks 'tis happier ſo,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I ſhould ſomething find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did beſtow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus ſhe ſings, ſhe looks, ſhe talks.
Sometimes I ſigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could ſhe my trickling tears but ſee,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cauſe to grieve,
I pleaſingly myſelf deceive;
And ſure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Leſt ſhe ſhould be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's height:
Leſt (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, loſt in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes ſhould tell,
'Tis her I dare to love ſo well);
She, with an angry, ſcornful eye,
Or ſome unkind, ſevere reply,
My hopes of bliſs ſhould overcaſt,
And my preſuming paſſion blaſt.

If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not ſee her I love,
Thy altars proſtrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muſe, my humble voice inſpire
To ſing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful ſwain ſuppreſt his grief,
And, ſince he durſt not hope, ne'er aſk'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep ſighs, as if his heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her hand, theſe tender things he ſpoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that paſſion which you'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no ſwain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice myſelf for thee!

Could I but pleaſe thee with my dying verſe,
And make thee ſhed one tear upon my hearſe!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lovers flame,
For flocks, for paſtures, for an empty name.
Yet though the bleſt poſſeſſion fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe eyes:
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he ſee it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will for you.
If on eſteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life expreſs,
May make the value more, the pity leſs.

DAMON,

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what ſhivering pains ſurround my heart!)
And have one thought to make your pity leſs?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs expreſs,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold thoſe charming eyes again.
When gay diverſions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you ſome ſpare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I ſhall behold the green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming eyes have ſeen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my ſoul away!
But ſee my paſſion that ſmall aid denies;
Grief ſtops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayeſt one of all the ſwains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad paſſion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his ſmart;

Strives

Strives in low numbers, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe,
If not to move her breaſt, his own amuſe.
You, Chloris, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal pride diſdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.
Now while the flocks and herds to ſhades retire,
While the fierce ſun ſets all the world on fire:
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How ſmall 's the heat! how eaſy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!
Yet ſcornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my ſongs and pipe ſtill turns her ear:
Not ſo the ſage Coriſca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my ſongs a juſt compaſſion drew;
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte Cynthia ſtays,
And Pan himſelf, to liſten to my lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my ſong:
Yet Galatea ſcorns whate'er I ſay,
And Galatea's wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Though you diſlike the ſubject of my lays,
Yet ſure the ſweetneſs of my voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull Mopſus uſe;
His ſongs divert you, though you mine refuſe:

Ye

Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhould)
What the wiſe Lycon ſaid, when in yon' plain
He ſaw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedleſs fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verſe to pleaſe her ear;
Seek out ſome other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his ſongs, ſhould fly from thine.
Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage falſe dangers forms;
'Tis not his ſongs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, ſcornful maid, in time you'll find thoſe toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of him.
Ah, Galatea, would'ſt thou turn thoſe eyes,
Would'ſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my cries;
In ſuch ſoft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With ſuch ſweet ſongs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himſelf might not diſdain to own.
Oh could'ſt thou, fair-one, but contented be
To tend the ſheep, and chace the hares, with me;
To have thy praiſes echo'd through the groves,
And paſs thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let thoſe gaudy toys thy heart ſurprize,
Which the fools envy, and the ſage deſpiſe.
But Galatea ſcorns my humble flame,
And neither aſks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the beſt cheeſe my well-ſtor'd dairy 's full,
And my ſoft ſheep produce the fineſt wool;

The

The richeſt wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And ſmiling crops of grain adorn my field.
Ah, fooliſh youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy ſtore,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopſus ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her head aſide!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with ſuch an angel's face?
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes reſound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, ſhepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks purſue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phoſphorus! and bring the day,
While I in ſighs and tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Niſa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Arcadia 's famous for its ſpacious plains,
Its whiſtling pine-trees, and its ſhady groves,
And often hears the ſwains lament their loves.

Great

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who firſt taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Mopſus weds Niſa! oh, well-ſuited pair!
When he ſucceeds, what lover can deſpair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly conſort feed.
Go, Mopſus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her ſoft arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, Niſa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with ſcorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble ſongs, my herd,
My ſhaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no ſhepherd can deſerve your love;
Mopſus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming perſon, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth ſpring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and bluſhes did your charms increaſe.
'Tis love, thought I, that 's riſing in her breaſt;
Alas, your paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;
Then upon truſt I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy birth
To rocks; ſome craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Relentleſs love to bold Medea ſhow'd,
To ſtain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counſellor, a cruel mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Now let the ſcreech-owls vie with warbling ſwans;
Upon hard oaks let bluſhing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmleſs wolves the ravenous ſheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the ſea riſe, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Adieu, ye flocks; no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows diſdain,
Take this laſt preſent from a dying ſwain.
Since you diſlike whate'er in life I ſaid,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap ſhall put an end to all my pains.
Now ceaſe, my Muſe, now ceaſe th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Thus Damon ſung while on the cliff he ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loſs bemoan,
Except the authoreſs of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breaſt.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your ſcorns at laſt.

How much ſoe'er you may the love deſpiſe,
'Tis barbarous to inſult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming ſwains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the luſtre of their blooming youth:
No ſullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No paſſions diſcompoſe their ſouls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as ſtory goes,
Between the youths a fierce diſpute aroſe;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deſerv'd, yet both deſpis'd, that praiſe);
But for a cauſe of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmoſt care.
Each ſwain the prize of beauty ſtrove to gain,
For the bright ſhepherdeſs that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they choſe, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and ſage counſel try'd;
Who love's myſterious arts had ſtudy'd long.
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the diſpute alternate verſe they chooſe,
Alternate verſe delights the rural Muſe.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou juſtly ow'ſt the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.
DAM. Though Sylvia, for herſelf, love's power defies,
What crowds of vaſſals has ſhe made to love!

STREP.

She ſeems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove

STREP. Flavia by crouds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who ſhall the fair enjoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where-e'er ſhe comes, the ſwain
dues,
And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the ſwains with native coldneſs view
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtri
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we lil
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?

DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other ſight?

STREP. With what aſſurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs muſt all their lovers yield.
DAM. Sylvia with bluſhes wounds the gazing ſwains,
And while ſhe ſtrives to fly, ſhe wins the field.
STREP. Flavia at firſt young Meliboeus lov'd;
For me ſhe did that charming youth forſake.
DAM. Sylvia's relentleſs heart was never mov'd;
Gods! that I might the firſt impreſſion make!
STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her;
What indignation would the charmer ſhow!
DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herſelf prefer:
There we alone her judgment diſallow.
STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this crowded ſtill, and that alone?
DAM. Becauſe their ways of life ſo different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now ceaſe your amorous war;
Or too much heat may carry both too far;
I well attended the diſpute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deſerves more pains than ſhe will coſt;
As eaſily got, were ſhe not eaſily loſt.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once poſſeſs'd, will well reward the pain.
We wiſh them Flavias all, when firſt we burn;
But, once poſſeſs'd, wiſh they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each expreſt,
One we ſhould ſooneſt love, the other beſt.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

Lamenting the Death of Mrs. TEMPEST, who died upon the Day of the great Storm.

YE gentle ſwains, who paſs your days and nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride diſplay
Your beauty's ſplendor, and extend your ſway!
Lament with me! with me your ſorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muſe! begin your mournful ſtrains!
Tell the ſad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where ſhepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the diſtant ſea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming ſea o'erwhelms the frighten'd ſhore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And ſtately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!

The

The gentle Thames, that rarely paſſion knows,
Swells with this ſorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What ſhrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n nature's ſelf in dire convulſions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
O! why did I ſurvive the fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome ruin loſt?
Sunk in the ſeas, or ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt?
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleaſure but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where ſhall I wander now, diſtreſs'd, alone?
What uſe have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no uſe, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!
What living nymph is bleſt with equal grace?
All may diſpute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his miſtreſs hopes to find
A form ſo lovely, with ſo bright a mind?
Doris may boaſt a face divinely fair,
But wants thy ſhape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy ſhape, but not thoſe eyes,
That, while they did th' admiring world ſurprize,
Diſclos'd the ſecret luſtre of the mind,
And ſeem'd each lover's inmoſt thoughts to find.
Others, whoſe beauty yielding ſwains confeſs,
By indiſcretion make their conqueſt leſs,

And want thy conduct and obliging wit
To fix thoſe ſlaves who to their chains ſubmit.
As ſome rich tyrant hoards an uſeleſs ſtore,
That would, well plac'd, inrich a thouſand more:
So didſt thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
Would make a thouſand other nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modeſt, artleſs, beautiful and young,
Slow to reſolve; in reſolution ſtrong;
To all obliging, yet reſerv'd to all;
None could himſelf the favour'd lover call:
That which alone could make his hopes endure,
Was, that he ſaw no other ſwain ſecure.
Whither, ah! whither are thoſe graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy ſhade?
Now, ſhepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful ſwain prepar'd his lays,
His fame exalting while he ſung thy praiſe.
Thyrſis, in gay and eaſy meaſures, ſtrove
To charm thy ears, and tune thy ſoul to love:
Menalcas, in his numbers more ſublime,
Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
Glycon whoſe ſatire kept the world in awe,
Soften'd his ſtrain, when firſt thy charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs who new-form'd his mind,
Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe; the charms you ſung are fled,
The glory of our blaſted iſle is dead.
Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold

Behold where now ſhe lies, depriv'd of breath!
Charming though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping Virgins by her ſide;
With all the pomp of woe and ſorrows pride!
O, early loſt! O, fitter to be led
In chearful ſplendor to the bridal-bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A ſpotleſs virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes ſuperior merit gave,
Let me, at leaſt, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiſs:
O that thy coyneſs could refuſe me this!
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I 'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbneſs, and thy warmth reſtore,
Claſpt to my glowing breaſt, thou may'ſt revive;
I'll breathe ſuch tender ſighs ſhall make thee live,
Or, if ſeverer fates that aid deny,
If thou canſt not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The trueſt lover and the lovelieſt maid.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to grieve, and not before;
Then ſhall I ceaſe fair Delia to deplore.
But ſee, thoſe dreadful objects diſappear!
The ſun ſhines out, and all the heavens are clear:
The warring winds are huſh'd, the ſea ſerene;
And nature, ſoften'd, ſhifts her angry ſcene.
What means this ſudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious muſic from the heavenly ſphere!
Liſten, ye ſhepherds, and devour the ſound!
Liſten; the ſaint, the lovely ſaint, is crown'd!

While we, miſtaken in our joy and grief,
Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
From the pleas'd orbs ſhe views us here below,
And with kind pity wonders at our woe.
Ah, charming ſaint! ſince thou art bleſs'd above,
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
Forgive their tears, who, preſs'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own deſpair.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

I.

THE man that 's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his principles and truſt,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
No paſſions his deſigns control,
Not Love, that tyrant of the ſoul,
Can ſhake his ſteddy mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
Nor ſtorms where fleets deſpair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The ſhatter'd world may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his ſoul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory roſe,
By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
Of this their poets ſing. Theſe

Theſe were the paths their heroes trod,
Theſe acts made Hercules a god;
And great Naſſau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening ſtorms combin'd.
" Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way;
" The wind may for a while delay,
" Not alter our deſign.

V.

" The men whom ſelfiſh hopes inflame,
" Or vanity allures to fame,
" May be to fears betray'd:
" But here a church for ſuccour flies,
" Inſulted law expiring lies,
" And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

" Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
" I come, the wounded heart to heal,
" The wounded hand to bind:
" See tools of arbitrary ſway,
" And prieſts, like locuſts, ſcout away
" Before the weſtern wind.

VII.

" Law ſhall again her force reſume;
" Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
" With brighter rays advance.
" The Britiſh fleet ſhall rule the deep,
" The Britiſh youth, as rous'd from ſleep,
" Strike terror into France.

VIII.

" Nor ſhall theſe promiſes of fate
" Be limited to my ſhort date:
" When I from cares withdraw,
" Still ſhall the Britiſh ſceptre ſtand,
" Still flouriſh in a female hand,
" And to mankid give law.

IX.

" She ſhall domeſtic foes unite,
" Monarchs beneath her flags ſhall fight,
" Whole armies drag her chain:
" She ſhall loſt Italy reſtore,
" Shall make th' imperial eagle ſoar,
" And give a king to Spain.

X.

" But know, theſe promiſes are given,
" Theſe great rewards impartial heaven
" Does on theſe terms decree;
" That, ſtrictly puniſhing mens faults,
" You let their conſciences and thoughts
" Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

" Let no falſe politicks confine,
" In narrow bounds, your vaſt deſign
" To make mankind unite;
" Nor think it a ſufficient cauſe
" To puniſh man by penal laws,
" For not believing right.

XII.

" Rome, whoſe blind zeal deſtroys mankind,
" Rome's ſons ſhall your compaſſion find,
" Who ne'er compaſſion knew.

" By

" By nobler actions theirs condemn:
" For what has been reproach'd in them,
" Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

Theſe ſubjects ſuit not with the lyre;
Muſe! to what height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The thoughts of gods, and god-like kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty things
By mean ignoble verſe.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

An Imitation of the FOURTH ECLOGUE of VIRGIL:

Suppoſed to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

" ——— Paulò majora canamus."

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly ſhrubs delight:
Or if your rural ſhades you ſtill purſue,
Make your ſhades fit for able ſtateſmens view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the Saturnian age of gold;
The vile, degenerate, whiggiſh offspring ends,
A high-church progeny from heaven deſcends.

O learned

O learned Oxford, ſpare no ſacred pains
To nurſe the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley reigns.

And thou great Scarſdale, darling of this land,
Doſt foremoſt in that fam'd commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep remarks the liſtening world admires,
By whoſe auſpicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no ſtrict rules can bind;
You puniſh men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates ſhall now like holy ſynods be,
And holy ſynods ſenate-like agree.
Monmouth and Moſtyn here inſtruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the ſacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide Weſt-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their biſhops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious poiſons fail,
Harley ſhall ceaſe to trick, and Seymour ceaſe to rail:
The lambs ſhall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to ſave the fleet,
Shall fly from conqueſt, and ſhall conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at William's coſt,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.

Brereton

Brereton and Burnaby the court ſhall grace,
And Howe ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Maſon now
Revive and ſhine again in Fox and Howe.
But as they ſtronger grow and mend their ſtrain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
Bold Bellaſis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One ſhall employ the ſword, and one the pen:
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction ſhall to peace invite,
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.
Yet ſtill ſome Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flouriſhing in barren ground.
Somers maliciouſly employs his care
To make the lords the legiſlature ſhare.
Burnet declares how French dragooning roſe,
And biſhops perſecuting bills oppoſe:
Till Rocheſter's * cool temper ſhall be fir'd,
And North's and Nottingham's ſtrong reaſonings be admir'd.
But when due time their counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh removes have made the game ſecure;
When Somerſet and Devonſhire give place
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both converts great; when juſtice is refin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind;
Then paſſive doctrines ſhall with glory riſe,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And anti-chriſtian toleration dies.

* Biſhop Sprat.

Granville

Granville ſhall ſeize the long-expected chair,
Godolphin to ſome country ſeat repair;
Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his juſt reward.

France, that this happy change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, young James's friends, this is the time, come on;
Receive juſt honours, and ſurround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the ſtate, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are truſted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club aſſembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er Engliſh wine.
Freely the ſenate the deſign proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a ſolemn face,
Propoſe that ſafety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court careſs,
Exalt its praiſes, but its power depreſs;
And, that impartial juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd good James's cauſe
In church and ſtate, now reap deſerv'd applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are ſtyl'd unchriſtian by the nation's voice.

Avow'dly

Avow'dly now St. David's cauſe they own,
And James's votes for ſimony atone.
Arſhbiſhop Ken ſhall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind ſtand crouding for the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt ſail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.
See by baſe rebels James the Juſt betray'd,
See his three realms by vile uſurpers ſway'd;
Then ſee with joy his lawful heir reſtor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind heaven ſo long my life maintain,
Inſpiring raptures worthy ſuch a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, ſhould Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his ſongs to mine,
Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel ſhould reſign.
Prepare, auſpicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger ſtill this chief confin'd)
Now ſend the gout, the hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt George Churchill may ſupply his place.

* Rooke.

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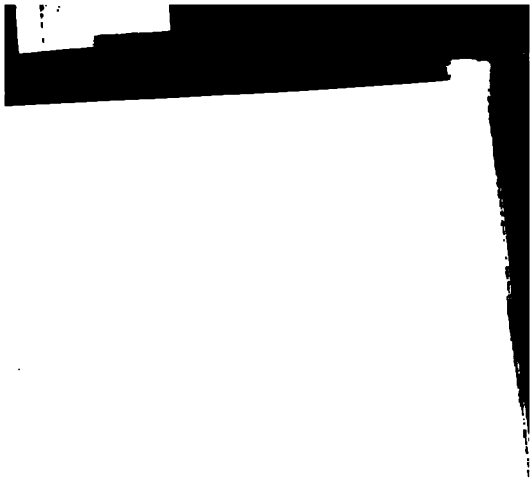

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